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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 473	PLAYS AND PICTURES	Page 488
WHAT DOES COLLECTIVE SECURITY MEAN?	476	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer	489
LIBEL	477	REVIEWS:	
A LONDON DIARY	478	New Novels. By Peter Quennell	490
THIS ENGLAND	479	Whom Should One Marry? By Ralph Wright	490
VITAL AFFINITIES. By E. L. Grant Watson	480	Miscellany of Religion and Ethics. By C. E. M. Joad	492
HOSPITALS AND THE PUBLIC. By Gerald Barry	480	Sir Charles Eliot. By Arthur Waley	496
THE SPIRIT OF LIFE. By Y. Y.	481	Wayside Remedies	496
CORRESPONDENCE	482	Marx Up to Date. By J. A. Hobson	498
From Viscount Cecil; Sir Norman Angell; J. Parsons; Marcus Samuel, M.P.; Jas. W. Stewart; Hugh Franklin; Norman Bentwich; A. J. Ayer and others; Gladys Hall; S. W. Cocks; A Principal; A. K. Chesterton.		De Mortuis By Ralph Partridge	498
SELLING S.A. By A. Emil Davies	486	Advertising	500
FORTUITIES—I.	486	SHORTER NOTICES	500
LEFT THEATRES. By Ivor Brown	487	WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	502
		CROSSWORD	504
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	506

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MUSSOLINI characteristically warns us not to expect much from the coming Stresa Conference except preparation for war, and M. Flandin has made it clear that the French definition of collective security is a tighter system of armed alliances. The dominating fact in Europe is the terrific speeding up of armaments everywhere. The British Ministers are exploring the possibilities of moderation. After his satisfactory mission to Russia Mr. Eden found in Warsaw that Poland was too dependent on Germany to consider the Eastern Pact, but was willing for a compromise if one could be found which would save her from a final break with France, provided that it did not involve offending Hitler. Meanwhile the external effect of Hitler's intransigence in the Berlin conversations appears to have created an impression in Germany itself. It is now urged that Germany is willing to participate in some measure of agreed disarmament and ready to enter into some form of collective security pact. We may therefore expect to see Great Britain attempting to prevent a renewal of an armed alliance against Germany by suggesting a new general security convention in which Germany might be persuaded to join. It might involve a definition of aggression on the lines suggested by Russia and a pledge to make Article XVI of the Covenant a reality. Events appear to have converted the British Government at the twelfth hour to a whole-hearted belief in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

A Case for Revision?

The Memel affair presents a peculiarly difficult problem in tactics and morals to the League and the Western Powers. The idealists can argue that here is chance for the victors to prove not only their impartiality, but their readiness to revise a Treaty which has revealed its glaring and dangerous defects. The realists can answer that this is the worst moment to concede anything to an aggressive Power. The question, however, is not whether something should be done, but rather how much. Some action is unavoidable. The affair of the Nazi conspirators whom the Lithuanians have sentenced to death or imprisonment is merely an aggravation of a political problem already acute. In reply to a question Sir John Simon has disclosed that the guaranteeing Powers (Britain, France and Italy) made their protest last month, in very stiff terms. They pointed out that Lithuania has violated the basic conditions of the autonomy that Memel is supposed to enjoy, and required her "to bring this situation to an end without delay." Her reply is said to be a blunt request to the League to withdraw autonomy, and recognise the unrestricted sovereignty of Lithuania over this German region. If that is so, the whole question is reopened,

and revision in some form and in some degree is inevitable. Here at least is a bargaining counter, though not a large one, in dealing with Berlin.

The Jacob Affair

The Swiss Government has realised that European opinion is behind it in the Jacob affair, and it is facing the German Government with conspicuous courage. It has demanded the immediate release of Dr. Jacob, and the punishment of the officials concerned in his kidnapping. Failing satisfaction for "a grave violation of its sovereignty," it will call for arbitration under the German-Swiss Treaty of 1921. In support of its case it has published its Note, which tells the whole story in surprisingly full detail. Every step in the affair has been traced, from the first efforts of the Nazi spies to win Dr. Jacob's confidence down to the moment when the car into which they had lured him raced through the frontier barriers, left conveniently open, at fifty miles an hour. The Germans admit that he was "decoyed," but deny that he was kidnapped. Dr. Motta, in an unusually outspoken speech to the Federal Parliament, declared "the inflexible resolution" of his Government to carry its diplomatic effort "to the very end." There have been worse affairs than this, notably the murder of Professor Lessing in Czechoslovakia, but none in which the evidence was so clear. Hitler will show extreme folly if he defies world-opinion by refusing the Swiss demand.

The Ethiopian Appeal

The Abyssinians have been well advised in the proposals they have submitted to the League. After the failure of direct negotiations with Italy they propose two main questions for arbitral decision: (1) the ownership of the Wal-Wal district, and (2) the responsibility for the actual collision. The first question is likely to be decisive, for if this region is, as the neutral evidence goes to show, some 60 miles within the Abyssinian frontier, then the Italian troops were invaders, whoever may have fired the first shot. It is proposed that efforts be made, either in Geneva, London or Paris, in direct discussions between Italian and Ethiopian commissioners, to agree on arbitrators and the definition of the issue. But for these negotiations a time-limit of thirty days is suggested. If they fail, the League's Council shall name arbitrators and determine the procedure. Both sides should pledge themselves to accept the verdict, and in the meanwhile to suspend military preparations. It is hard to see what objections Mussolini can fairly raise against this business-like proposal, which is in line with the Treaty of 1928 regulating the relations of the two States. But Italian preparations for war continue. Some 4,000 labourers had been recruited in Egypt at relatively high wages for the rapid construction of a road through Eritrea in the direction of the Ethiopian capital. Happily, under pressure of a hot newspaper campaign, the Egyptian Government, which at first gave its consent, has cancelled the contract. A sinister item of news comes in a Reuter telegram from British Somaliland to the effect that the French railway via Djibouti to Addis Ababa, the only available route, is holding up all consignments of arms for Abyssinia. This suggestion of close collusion between Paris and Rome forbids us to hope for an easy triumph for arbitration when the League's Council considers Abyssinia's appeal.

The Hungarian Elections

The complete victory of Gombös in the Hungarian elections may have important effects on the European situation. For the real issue was not the election cries—the secret ballot and more land for the peasants—but whether the present system of government would hold or whether Hungary would become a frank and anti-Semitic dictatorship. Gombös has always hankered after a Hungarian Hitlerism, but has hitherto been restrained by the influence of Bethlen and by the historic constitution of Hungary. He now has his chance to break out as a fully fledged Fascist dictator. If so, two immediate results are likely. First, he will put an end to the precarious existence of the Trade Unions and Social Democrats who, even as things were, could in many places only at great risk put forward candidates of their own. Secondly, Gombös, himself a Swabian (i.e. an Hungarian German), will probably end the Italian alliance so far retained by Bethlen's influence, and rely on the strong Nazi sympathies among sections of the Hungarian people.

Mr. De Valera Strikes

The threat of the Irish Republican Army to intervene in the Dublin transport strike has compelled Mr. De Valera to act boldly, and he has arrested forty of its leaders. What it contemplated was apparently some form of armed guerrilla action. It specially resented the use of military lorries as an emergency bus service, and the occasion seemed to it a favourable one for open revolutionary action on behalf of urban proletarians, who have a strong case against employers with a bad record, and are displaying in a prolonged struggle a spirit of uncompromising militancy. The strike is as awkward for the orthodox Labour organisations as it is for Mr. De Valera. He has just reaffirmed his devotion to the full ideal of republican independence, but he is in no hurry. The people by "unity of spirit" must first show that they are ready for it. Secondly, the restoration of arable farming must go much farther than it has yet gone, for "Ireland can never be really free politically, while our whole economy is at the mercy of a Foreign Power." All of this means that he is anxious about the consequences of his action against the I.R.A. It has been weakened by the secession of its Communist Left Wing. Its use of quasi-Marxist language may not be popular in the villages, where its strength lies. But can the Republican leader crush the Republican Army without alienating large masses of his followers? The creation of a legal volunteer army may help to satisfy the passion of the young men for amateur soldiering. But Mr. De Valera is, so far, fortunate that no alternative governing party exists. The Right is even more sharply divided than the Left.

The Outlook in Belgium

The new Belgian Government has not been having at all an easy time over its devaluation of the belga. There is strong opposition to devaluation in both the Liberal and the Catholic Parties, which now share the Government with the Socialists; and the new Cabinet very nearly fell when it made its first appearance before the Chamber. What kept it in office was the consciousness, common to all parties, that in fact any Government that could be put in its place would have, in respect of the belga, to

follow almost precisely the same policy. In effect the belga had gone off gold before the new Government took office and recognised the accomplished fact. The truth is that a good deal of the opposition is not really to devaluation, but to the Socialists, who look like having the predominant influence in the new Cabinet, and especially to M. de Man's *Plan du Travail*, which they will certainly press hard on their non-Socialist colleagues. It will not be very surprising if, when devaluation is safely through and the belga has settled down at its lower international value, there is speedily another attempt to turn out the Socialists. Meanwhile, internal prices in Belgium are moving sharply upward, and the Government is already at loggerheads with the industrialists and traders because it is trying to keep the rise in check. If prices go up, so must wages; but the employing classes want the one to go up without the other. Belgium should benefit in foreign trade by devaluation; but she is by no means at the end of her internal trouble. A great deal now depends on the skill with which the Socialist leaders handle the situation.

The Surplus

A surplus of £20,000,000 for the financial year has a reassuring sound, though, of course, this surplus would become a substantial deficit if full payment were being made on the American debt, or if the pre-depression Sinking Fund were still in operation. Nor does a surplus of this order—about £7,500,000 after providing £9,000,000 for obligatory sinking fund payments and a further £3,343,000 for general amortisation—allow any room for large tax reductions. We may indeed reasonably expect the yield of the income tax and surtax in 1935–6 to be substantially better than last year's—which was itself, after allowance for the difference in rate, a great deal better than that of the year before. But there will be no lack of claims upon any sums that may be available from this source. There are still plenty of "economy cuts" to be restored—in Civil Service and teachers' pay and in the social services generally. The Government will have to spend considerably more on the unemployed if only in the interests of its own political security. And, last but not least, there is the imminent threat of yet further increases in military expenditure. Moreover, the economic position is not so good as it seemed a few months ago, and this will react on the yield of indirect taxes in 1935–6, unless things look up again in the near future. In the circumstances, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can scarcely make concessions to the richer payers of direct taxes. Low, as usual, has hit the nail on the head: the contrast between a financial surplus and the surplus of unemployed workmen is too glaring.

The Meat Embroglio

The meat negotiations have begun; but it does not appear that much progress has yet been made. The representatives of the Dominions maintain that they take no exception to British measures which put the interests of the British farmers—not, be it observed, the British consumers—first; but they demand that the effect of any restrictions we impose on imports shall be concentrated to the greatest possible extent on foreign supplies, so as to react as little as possible upon the Dominion exporters. In view of the fact that, since the Ottawa Conference, imports of foreign beef and mutton have gone down by about 14 per cent., whereas imports from the Empire have gone up by about 17 per cent., the Dominions do not appear, on the face of the matter, to have much cause for complaint. But the Australians in particular are now eager to capture the trade in chilled, as distinct from frozen, beef, which has hitherto been practically a monopoly of the Argentine. Our agreement with Argentina prevents further cuts in her quota, unless they are accompanied by parallel cuts in imports from other sources. The Australians strongly object to this, and are applying pressure to get us to denounce the Argentine agreement as soon as it falls due for renewal. Meanwhile, the Dominions are opposing Mr. Elliot's plan for a levy on all imported meat in aid of the British livestock producers, unless it is accompanied by an expanding quota for Dominion at the expense of foreign supplies. In all these negotiations the one interest no one considers is the consumer's.

The Gong and After

On Monday the magistrates started their tedious routine of fining the "gongster" victims. The average market cost of a lapse appears to be about two pounds. There is some confusion as to the certainty of an offender's licence being endorsed. Mr. Fry, at Bow Street, said that endorsement is automatic. Some country Benches have decided that special conditions may excuse the necessity. Obviously, a comprehensive ruling is wanted here. Obviously, too, the signs announcing built-up areas must be made larger: it scarcely assists public safety to make motorists search continuously for small signs on the pavement. Furthermore, the definition of built-up areas is working unevenly; on some by-pass roads motorists are driving furiously through quite thickly populated areas without fear of the gong, while elsewhere they must slow down in broad, safe streets because of a single lamp-post. The 30 m.p.h. rule has worked, on the whole, more smoothly than was expected, but it needs adjustment. Probably it will tend to keep cars off the road; a day-trip from London to Brighton will be far less popular.

This Boat Race Business

The University Boat Race will presumably attract the usual crowds to snatch their usual fragmentary glance of a usually unexciting spectacle. The fuss about the Boat Race is one of the mysteries of English life. That men deemed to be students should undergo extensive and intensive training through the greater part of the winter for a single athletic event is made to seem even more absurd by the fact that, at the end of it all, the standard of long-distance rowing is not above that of a London eight who practise after business hours. The London crew, who were top of the river in the big race last Saturday, could probably hold its own easily enough with either University eight. Without vast preparation the many competing "Top of the River" crews rowed a faster stroke over a four-mile course than do the Oxford *v.* Cambridge men. On last Saturday, London rowed at 35 from the mile and finished at 38. Whoever wins this year, Cambridge can be satisfied, since an Oxford victory may be attributed to Cambridge coaching. So this year the dullest of our sporting spectacles has its incidental humours.

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WHAT DOES COLLECTIVE SECURITY MEAN?

WHETHER it was from some internal compulsion of his own neurosis or from the pressure of the nationalism on which his power rests, Hitler seems now to have made only too probable that encirclement of Germany which he has always denounced and which, in this country at least, no one has ever desired. Fear is the great unifier: the human animal only bunches when threatened by another herd. Even before his conscription declaration, fear of Hitler had produced some strange friendships: the French and Italians suddenly love each other like brothers, and the Italians and Jugoslavs pretend that there has never been a difference between them. The Berlin conversations completed the process. The toast of King George is drunk with enthusiasm in Moscow. In U.S.S.R. "Comrades, the King of England!" In England, soon perhaps, "Gentlemen, Lenin!"

Since the fall of Bismarck, German diplomacy has had an astonishing knack of pleasing its enemies and alienating its potential friends. England was such a potential friend. There has always been a deep fund of sympathy and potential support in post-war England for Germany's natural desire to regain a position of equality and power in Europe. As a people we are forgiving and even sentimental about our defeated enemies, and we have never accepted the French thesis that security lies in a system of alliances to preserve the Versailles settlement. Indeed, if Hitler had played subtly instead of crudely on the anti-Communist feeling in the English upper and middle classes, it is by no means impossible that he could have purchased the good will at least of English Conservative Governments for that expansionist policy in the East, the open advocacy of which no doubt shocked Sir John Simon. In essence, Hitler's foreign policy is not very different from Bismarck's—a policy of armed power which contemplates expansion first at the expense of her Eastern and then of her Western neighbours. Just as Bismarck fooled Napoleon III into allowing him to defeat Austria and then was able to turn back and overthrow his dupe at Sedan, so a Bismarck to-day in Hitler's place would have done everything to conciliate Great Britain and France in order that, when the time came, they would let him begin his Eastern adventure without interference. A few months ago there seemed a danger that such a policy would succeed. Goebbels was spending large sums of money on propaganda about Germany's peace aims, and Hitler was proclaiming his renunciation of all further Western ambitions in every speech he made. Suddenly with a single gesture he has swept away all these elaborate cobwebs. Though efforts have been made to hush up the full demands that he threw at Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden, the truth has leaked out. He demanded as a right an air force equal to France's, and claimed that he was already as strong in the air as Great Britain. He boasted of an army of 550,000 men. If we are to believe the Führer, he only needs a short time for the manufacture of big guns to have a striking force superior to France's. At sea he claims as an immediate right a fleet equal to 35 per cent. of Great Britain's—equal, that is, to the entire British fleet in home waters. His excuse for this rapid rearmament is fear of Russian aggression. Even the most fanatical of our anti-Bolsheviks recognises this as a way of saying that he intends aggression against the Soviets, who, whatever their faults, are admittedly desperately anxious for peace. To make assurance doubly sure Hitler refuses the Eastern Pact, claiming that he must abolish the Polish Corridor and regain Memel. He also urges his right to press on with his plans for a German Austria. Thus bluntly to announce that *Mein Kampf* still represents his policy is to alienate even those who have earnestly pleaded the injustice of Germany's past treatment. The truth is of course that the Fascist system allows him no alternative. How could he disappoint the expansionist hopes he has raised in his followers, how disband his troops and throw them into the army of unemployed, how tell Thyssen and Krupp that they must make, not tanks and guns, but ploughs and tractors, for which under Fascism there is no demand?

We may perhaps find a drop of comfort in the increased realism of international politics, and more than a drop in the creation of a sensible understanding between this country and Soviet Russia. We shall no longer have for ever to be warning people against the delusion that Fascism is a system that can lead to anything else but war, and war is no doubt less immediately likely if Great Britain is unequivocally committed to standing with France, Russia, Italy and Czechoslovakia against any deliberate act of aggression. But if the meeting of Great Britain, France and Italy at Stresa does no more than Mussolini's latest utterance suggests, we would not give a brass button for the hopes of European peace for more than a few years to come. The Duce sagely warns us not to expect too much: he bluntly adds that Italian Fascism is as much opposed to disarmament and other idealistic nonsense of that sort as Germany itself. Stresa in his view is the beginning of a military alliance—"a preparation for eventualities such as war." On that basis Stresa gives us not peace, but a period, short perhaps, of competitive and ruinous armament building followed by a war in which Germany will not in the final event stand alone. We know that Japan's understanding with Germany is already close: Hungary and probably Bulgaria are grouped with Germany, and though Poland's attitude is necessarily ambiguous, to-day no one doubts that her peace pact with Hitler is sincere and her peace pact with Russia precarious. The encirclement of Germany is, except for a short time, as impossible as it is undesirable. Stalin has once again reiterated the truth that you cannot permanently keep Germany in shackles by ringing her round with bayonets, that peace cannot be maintained merely by guaranteeing the *status quo*.

It will be objected that we are aiming not at encirclement—that is Hitler's word—but at strengthening a system of collective security into which Germany may enter at any moment Hitler pleases. In fact, however, since Germany will not return to the League, as we know it at present, the difference between collective security and an anti-German bloc is formal rather than real, unless we can bring to the League quite a new attitude and intention. If collective security merely means that a number of States are ready to go to war against an aggressor, peace will remain precarious. But the new unity, born though it is of fear, could, if capitalist States could see farther than their own sovereignty, be used as the basis for a constructive

purpose. The League has so far failed, because the statesmen have only regarded it as an alliance of sovereign powers. While talking of collective security they have thought only of their individual security. While prating of internationalism they have built up a dam of tariffs and quotas which has reduced the stream of international trade to a thin trickle and have managed between them to jettison every proposal for ending the international anarchy.

The way out is clear, and it is worth trying even at this last minute. So far we have only agreed to the first step —to make it clear that any aggression will be met with determined and resolute resistance by those Powers which still adhere to the League system. While standing firmly by this negative aspect of collective security, the second step is to make it equally clear that the Treaty of Versailles, which may not be revised by force, can be revised, where a case is made for revising it, by arbitration and negotiation. If Germany wishes to make a claim for a Colonial mandate, if she wishes to revise the settlement in Memel or the Corridor, the way should not be barred. Next, and more important, the Powers that are pledged to co-operate in war should begin to co-operate in peace. What is the use of talking of collective security among nations which are incapable of securing a common currency policy? Again, Great Britain's value as a market puts her in a strong position for renewing the effort to lower the barriers to trade with such other League members as realise the disastrous results of the now almost universal quota system. Finally, would it not be wise instead of discussing air pacts in readiness for the next war, to begin to evolve a system of air co-operation in time of peace? Statesmen tell us they wish that the world could unlearn its knowledge of flying and declare that there is no protection from its universal destruction. Mr. Baldwin wants to "Christianise the air." Why not make a start among the countries that are ready to co-operate—and there would be many if the proposal were made by Great Britain to-day —to create an international civil aviation service for common every-day peace use and, since we must all agree with Mussolini that it is futile to-day to reopen the Disarmament Conference on the old lines, why should not those countries that are pledged to collective security begin more hopefully by merging their military air forces into a single air police force? The beginnings of a constructive policy of this kind would make the collective security system look like something worth coming into. A group of nations pooling not only their military power, but also uniting for their economic and social welfare, would no longer look like an encircling alliance: it would offer real security and economic well-being to any nation that joined it. It would be a group which no one—perhaps not even Hitler—would care to remain out of. It seems likely that this is the last opportunity that the peace-loving nations will ever have of building peace. In the remarkable letter which Sir Norman Angell contributes in our columns this week to the controversy about the relation of war and capitalism, he urges finally that whatever the origin of war, it is at least clear that the overwhelming majority of us, capitalists and proletariat alike, have to-day a common interest in peace and the construction of a Federal system of government. It is, alas! only too probable that those who assert that capitalist governments are by nature anarchistic are right. If so, we face a new era of war and the end of our hopes that the society we know will some day be civilised. But that is no reason why intelligent statesmen should not take Sir Norman Angell's advice and have a shot at showing that the Marxists are wrong and, incidentally, at salvaging civilisation.

LIBEL

IT was positively a surprise the other day when a newspaper successfully defended a libel action. Plaintiffs in libel suits against newspapers or big organisations have in fact been doing so well recently that we tend to forget that the law of libel is meant to safeguard free speech as well as to protect the citizen from attacks that are merely spiteful. It is now indeed frequently used as a legal but not very savoury method of money-making. This has been recognised at least by one High Court judge, who, abandoning the convention that judges have never heard of the American language, protested against the growth of a class of litigants whom he called gold-diggers. There is an immense amount of gold-digging which never comes into court.

Some time ago the editor of this paper received a threat of libel action on behalf of a gentleman who claimed to have been identified by name in one of Caliban's problems. However fantastic the name that the novelist or problemist may invent, he cannot be sure that no person of that name exists; nor, if he leaves out names altogether, can he assure himself that an entirely fictitious situation cannot be twisted for the purposes of gold-digging. Hence a new breed of claimants who live by watching newspapers for some slip or accidental form of words which may enable them to demand money. It is not easy for a newspaper to stand out against what is really a form of blackmail. Though the libel may be trivial, or the claim obviously fraudulent, it may yet be cheaper and save trouble to pay a few pounds out of court rather than face the expense of an action and the uncertainties of a jury. Thousands of pounds of "nuisance money" are to-day paid annually by newspaper proprietors in settlement of claims which have no merit at all, and though the number of actions that come to court is large, they represent a small percentage of the claims made and settled. This would matter comparatively little if it merely meant that some rogues were getting money they were not entitled to. What does matter is that newspapers are constantly afraid to say things they ought to say: that rather than risk an action they will reduce their comment to vapid generalisation and fail in their public duty to tell the truth and shame the devil.

How has this situation arisen? From the nature of the law of libel, and from the changed attitude of juries. Fox's libel law once appeared to be a great blow for liberty. By leaving decision to a jury of common men, Fox had taken it out of the capacity of Ministers of the Crown to inflict punishment upon authors and journalists for criticisms which were obviously necessary if the press was to play a serious part in the formation of public opinion. Since then several developments have changed the effect of the law. The first is that, by logical steps, an exceedingly elaborate technical superstructure has been erected on the apparently simple foundations. Few classes of case are so hedged about with technicalities, and the difficulty of defence has been immeasurably increased by judicial interpretations of "fair comment," by elaborations of the "innuendo" and by the extremely strict rules of evidence, which make it dangerous for the defendant to plead "justification"—a plea which, if unsuccessful, commonly results in a large increase of damages. How dangerous it is to embark on a plea of justification and fair comment, where the issue goes beyond facts and involves a political issue, has been recently illustrated in the case of Sir Oswald Mosley v. the *Star*.

The second important change is that the twentieth century

jury is completely unlike the jury of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A hundred years ago the battle for liberty was still being fought by middle-class people against the Executive. Our liberties are built up on the dislike of London tradesmen for executive tyranny. But the London property holder is no longer a radical. He has to-day quite a different set of prejudices. He begins with a strong bias against the "left"; he is likely also to sympathise with any middle-class individual who claims damages against a big institution. What, he seems to ask himself, can be the harm in finding against a Bolshie or a "nigger" or in making the B.B.C. or Sensational Publications Ltd., shell out?

Thus to-day a libel action is fraught with dangerous uncertainty for the defendant, while for the plaintiff it may only too easily look like an attractive gamble. A cautious solicitor will usually advise the defendant to settle out of court, even where his case is excellent. Even where political prejudice plays no part, the risks are too great. The damages are at large and the jury assesses the figure. If the judge expresses indignation in his summing up the damages are likely to be inflated. In any case no one can prophesy what the jury will do. In a recent case a gentleman complained of the reports of his prosecution in the press and these reports all came from the same news agency and were identical. Proceedings were started against one newspaper and a very large sum was awarded by a London jury. Naturally encouraged, the plaintiff transferred his attentions to a Scottish journal which had published a similar report. He went north to fight his action and received a farthing from a Scottish jury. A little later another London jury also awarded a farthing for the same report in a third newspaper.

Enough has been said to show that the law of libel no longer serves to safeguard freedom of criticism, and that rules which once seemed sensible safeguards against spite may to-day promote fraud and hypocrisy. In looking for a remedy we must remember that some law of libel to guard the individual citizen against the carelessness or malice of a widely circulating journal is obviously necessary. Students of the American press will be glad that there are restraints in England upon the press invasion into private life. And a paper owes the public accuracy and care as well as integrity of comment. A mistake in a newspaper may do incalculable harm to an unoffending citizen. There was the case of a lady who sought a divorce and the custody of the two children of her marriage, aged 12 and 13, and found in the report of the proceedings the date of her marriage given as two years before the divorce proceedings. Again, it was hard on a business firm which advertised the dissolution of partnership to discover that the sub-editor had accidently placed the notice in the list of bankruptcies. Clearly the local publican who gave evidence in court and next day discovered that a reporting error had sentenced him to imprisonment for theft, and turned the thief into a witness, deserved a very handsome apology from the local press. The question that arises is whether in such cases the handsome apology and full publicity for the explanation and retraction is not sufficient. Does the offending party need monetary compensation for his damaged reputation? We should all agree that if the libel has caused the plaintiff the loss of a definite sum of money it should be made up to him. No one will grudge compensation for "special damages." But what of the compensation for undefinable—and yet, perhaps also very material—loss, due to defamation of character? It is this indefinite compensation which is at the root of most of the misuse of the law of libel which we have discussed in this article, and we suggest that defamation of character is best dealt with, not by monetary compensation, but by full retraction and explanation prominently displayed. It might be wise to adopt the French law which gives a defamed person the right to compose his own reply to defamatory words and to demand that they be printed with full prominence. This right is not as much used as we should have expected it to be in France, and as a complete substitute for compensation might not prove satisfactory. But it seems clear that the stress in compensating for defamation should be laid upon the public explanation and apology, not on the money payment, and we suggest that willingness on the part of the paper to publish such a reply from the wronged person should serve to mitigate if not altogether to take the place of monetary compensation. A full apology with nominal damages only should be the normal remedy for libel. We do not see otherwise how to get rid of the gold-digger or to free public comment from a wholly undesirable form of restraint.*

A LONDON DIARY

IT was something of a surprise to find Mr. Garvin in last Sunday's *Observer* energetically denying that the Prime Minister was going to retire immediately—who ever said he was?—and that he would certainly stay in office until after the Jubilee. I take it that this announcement was as authoritative as it was tactful, and that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will in a few months' time take the position he has earned in the House of Lords for whose abolition it once seemed likely he would be responsible.

* * *

I have read many books about Germany in the last two years, but I doubt if any of them has really taught me as much as Lilo Linke's *Restless Flags* (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the autobiography of a girl who left Germany after the Nazi revolution, not because she had to—she is pure Nordic—but because she had developed an individuality and an attitude to life and politics which made Nazidom intolerable to her. The book gains very much from the freshness of her English. The early chapters give an account of the effect of the blockade upon a very patriotic but poor middle-class home. She describes how, when as a child her life was largely spent in waiting endlessly in queues, she one day fainted, and was picked up by good-natured women and given her rations out of her turn. Profiting by this accident, she practised artificial fainting next day at a different shop. Unfortunately for her, one of the women who had picked her up the day before was in the crowd. She was lucky to arrive home with no more than a few bruises and with no greater loss than that week's hope of food. More telling still is her extraordinarily vivid picture of the humiliation of never having any clothes that were not made out of curtains or old dresses of her mother's. I suspect that she was typical in minding more about the humiliation of ugliness than the pain of hunger. We get a glimpse of the revolutionary period after the Armistice followed by the most psychologically satisfying account of the Youth Movement that I have ever come across. She was a popular and successful group leader. She was turned out of her group because she formed a special friendship within it. The ethical code demanded that every member of the group love every other member equally. We have heard a lot about the effect on morals of the inflationary period in Germany. Miss Linke gives an actual picture of the way in which the inflation undermined honesty both at home and in business. In the last part of the book she is immersed in politics, fighting with courage, but without very much hope, for the salvation of Germany through Social Democracy. She does not theorise about the mistakes of the Social Democrats or the Communists. She does not indict the allied statesmanship which refused to Stresemann and Brüning the concessions which would have saved Europe from Hitler. But her narrative which is fascinating as a story is also politically illuminating up to the very end. "Nothing extraordinary," she remarks in the preface, "has ever happened to this girl personally, but the common fate of her generation seems remarkable enough to

* We are interested to see as we go to press that an authoritative article on the law of libel is contributed by Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C. to the new issue of the *Political Quarterly*. Mr. Pritt's conclusion is substantially the same as ours; the legal argument is, of course, much more fully developed and Mr. Pritt makes a number of other important suggestions for improving the existing law.—Ed. N.S. & N.

justify the attempt to write it down." That is exactly it. Here is an extremely intelligent and sincere account of events which changed the entire mentality of her generation in Germany; if her share in this common fate was not typical, it was because she had more energy and more decision of character than most of her contemporaries.

* * *

Apropos of my remarks last week about "Dick" Sheppard and methods of war resistance, or rather resistance to war preparation, one of the most interesting letters I have received is from a man who is refusing to pay that proportion of his Income Tax which, in his calculation, goes to arming for the next war. He has sent me a copy of his carefully phrased letter to the Inland Revenue Authorities. It would be interesting to see whether this idea spreads, and what its effect will be. The idea, of course, is not new. I am just old enough to have a clear memory of the days of passive resistance to the Education Bill in 1902. My father was one of Dr. Clifford's supporters in this movement and I remember each year the visit of the officers at our house when they called to distrain in lieu of rates. They took away a silver teapot and water-jug and a chair or two which were auctioned and which were, I think, bought back again by anonymous friends and returned to us to serve again next year. If anyone is cynical enough to point out that the rates were in fact paid for by our friends instead of by us I retort that this consideration is irrelevant. The object was to make a protest and that was achieved.

* * *

I am delighted to see that the Supreme Court has again sustained the appeal of the Scottsboro' negroes. It has chosen the very proper ground that blacks were illegally excluded from the jury. Everyone outside Alabama knows that the Scottsboro' boys were "framed" and that the real issue is whether there is any justice for blacks in the Southern States. American justice, not the negroes, is on trial. Whether there will be a second re-trial is not, I suppose, yet decided, but in any case these victims of race prejudice stand a much better chance of ultimate freedom than Sacco and Vanzetti ever stood. For their case has gone to the Supreme Court, which has once again shown that it realises that American "prestige" is served by doing justice, not by refusing to admit that any court in the United States may have been prejudiced or mistaken.

* * *

Last Monday I had a look at Beckton, the largest gas works in the world, covering with its by-products 540 acres alongside the Albert Docks. The complexities of this stupendous undertaking—our guide seldom talked below millions—soon overwhelmed my non-technical mind, and as I looked out of the observation coach which traversed about a third of the 70 miles of railway running in and around the works, I wondered how long it would be before the two great forces—gas and electricity—were harnessed together for the public good. It seems to me inevitable. Meanwhile, the competition between the two national industries becomes more and more intense as big consumers consider the advisability of changing over from one to the other. I know that I am on very delicate ground when I suggest their union and, like the Irishman returning to his country, I will be told "this is a private fight." But is it a private fight when the economics and efficiency of gas and electricity affect every industry, municipality and therefore every family in the country?

* * *

The demonstration against Capital Punishment organised by Mrs. van der Elst on the occasion of Petty Officer Brigstock's execution included the use of three aeroplanes, a choir singing *Abide With Me* and a legion of sandwich-men. A mother living near the jail was indignant, and remarked to a *Daily Mail* reporter: "The children came home and asked awkward questions about what they had seen, and I was at a loss for an answer." These words suggest that there is a lot to be said for Mrs. van der Elst's methods. Evidently the rational propaganda so admirably conducted by the Howard League and the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty is very much more to the taste of those who are already converted. But to excite the interest of the public more spectacular means are necessary. If it could be brought home to us all that a man is being strangled while we are eating our bacon and eggs, I believe there would be a general revolt of feeling against this barbarous custom. Actually, the worst feature of executions is probably not the suffering they cause to the murderer, but the distress they cause to decent people, including the prison staff, and the morbid excitement they provoke in others. The murderer, from the moment of his arrest, becomes invested with a supernatural glamour; and the vanity of criminals is such that Capital Punishment is sometimes a stimulus instead of a deterrent. (Statistics show conclusively that as a deterrent it is ineffective.) If every execution could be made the occasion of scandalising the neighbourhood, reform might soon follow. So I place my homage at the feet of Mrs. van der Elst. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. M. M. Russell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Nobody will ever know, quite certainly, what was in Golden Miller's mind.—*Sunday Express.*

Socialism is a written romance on industry, written by Karl Marx, creating unemployment and poverty.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

Colour and stereoscopy will make the cinema into the greatest art in the world. Bad films will be impossible.—John Betjeman in *Evening Standard.*

It is quite plain that anyone, particularly a clergyman who wishes to reach the inarticulate distresses of the human heart to-day, must keep himself *virgo intacta* with regard to any of the unctuous platitudes that blind the "single eye" on the question of the necessity of absolutism in the Pacifist attitude.—Letter in *Spectator.*

Miss Violet Piercy, the woman Marathon runner, yesterday ran 5¼ miles from Highgate to the Monument, sprinted up its 311 steps, and emerged at the top 46 minutes 1 second after she started. The ascent of the stairs took 2 min. 56 sec.

"No other woman or man," she stated, "has attempted this."—*Sunday Times.*

I suggest it would be a fitting reward to all those who have faithfully preserved Jubilee mugs of 1887 if they were given a free seat at one of the forthcoming Jubilee processions.

I have one of these mugs.—Letter in the *Star.*

Strong disapproval of police traps was expressed by the Llandudno magistrates to-day.

"Trapping is not English or Welsh, or perhaps I should say British and we don't like it," said the chairman.—*Manchester Evening News.*

Commenting on the "peregrinations of Mr. Eden in Moscow," Maj. Ralph Rayner, prospective Conservative candidate for Totnes Division, . . . said: "I usually read my morning papers after I have finished breakfast, but one day last week I unfortunately opened my *Western Morning News* before attacking my porridge, and when I read that Mr. Commissar Litvinoff had drunk the health of the King of England I felt so sick that I could not even manage some dry toast."—*Western Morning News.*

Congratulations to the board of Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd. . . . were offered . . . (by) . . . Mr. Clifford Johnson, who said. . . . "We have been wandering in the wilderness for many years without receiving any manna. . . . But our eyes opened one day, and we saw 'the promised land' at our door. . . . Within three years we shall not only get our dividend, but some of our arrears as well."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

VITAL AFFINITIES

THERE are hermit-crabs which have mysterious affinities with sea-anemones. That the anemone establishes itself on the shell that the crab inherits by a deliberate act, and not by mere chance, may be demonstrated in the following way. If a hermit-crab is confined in the same aquarium as an anemone, which is already attached to a rock, the anemone will after a short time abandon its position, and gliding on its basal stalk towards the crab, will fasten itself on the shell. This guileless action makes no disguise of the relation between these two animals of such different structure, and which appear so far separated in their means of living. The hermit-crab is not merely passive in this association, as may be shown by detaching the anemone from the crab's shell. After an interval of a few seconds the crab will pick it up in his claws, and pressing it against his shell, hold it there, till such time as the anemone has made itself fast once more.

It would appear from this that both creatures must find some advantage in juxtaposition to the other. How does the crab benefit? Perhaps he is concealed from his enemies by the presence of the polyp, or perhaps the creatures which prey upon him may dislike sea-anemones and fear to touch their tentacles, which so often are armed with stinging-cells. The anemone may benefit by the fact that the crab walks about from place to place and so produces a constant change of locality, with an increased chance of procuring food. Or again, when the crab is having a meal, fragments of his food may float up and be seized in the tentacles of the anemone. Such reasoning may appeal to a mind which demands easy explanations, or half-explanations, but when we come to investigate the vital affinities between other diverse pairs of creatures, we will find such ordinary and facile answers far from satisfying.

There are jelly-fish, creatures closely allied to the sea-anemone, and also provided with stinging-cells, which harbour within their stomachs small fish. These little fishes, much of the size of minnows, though of a more brilliant appearance, seem to have made of the jelly-fish a kind of living, transparent cave, a place of safe retreat, a house to fly to and take refuge in when threatened by attack—and not only to be inhabited in times of danger, but on other occasions also. Often two or three little fish may be found within the jelly-fish's pouch, when the jelly-fish has been left stranded on the shore between tides. There is enough water in the pouch to keep the fish alive. When the tide returns the jelly-fish again floats, and the little fish emerge into the sea and swim around on their own, until such time as they may again wish to retreat.

There are several mysterious features about this relationship. Why are the fish not stung by the nettle-cells of the medusa? How is it they are not digested, as other creatures are, by the juices in the pouch? Do the fishes retreat into the medusa only when threatened by foes who fear to approach within range of the powerful stinging-cells which are active against most foreign bodies? Are the stinging-cells inactive only against these favoured stomach-dwellers? Or are they active, and are the little fish immune from their poison? There is evidence to suggest that the cells are in some mysterious way made inactive. Another question is: Does the jelly-fish derive any advantage from the presence of the fish, or is it merely made use of? These are questions difficult to answer, and our imaginations are left open and wondering at this strange association.

I have myself witnessed another relationship of a like nature, which left me at the time only half credulous of the witness of my eyes, for I did not then know of such strange partnerships. I was on the beach at Hayling Island. One of my children found a jelly-fish on the sand, a creature of about three inches in diameter, and apparently quite dead. I put it in a bucket of sea water, and we all had a look at it, and were delighted to see that it was alive, and was moving up and down in the bucket with a most graceful, pulsating rhythm. Inside its pouch were two or three little crustacians of the nature of sand-hoppers. These were moving about inside the stomach, and I assured the children that the jelly-fish had eaten, and was in the process of digesting them. The children kept the jelly-fish to watch and to play with, and after a little came to me with the story that the sand-hoppers had got out of the jelly-fish and were swimming about in the bucket. I did not take much notice of this, and put down the escape of the sand-hoppers to the probably debilitated state of the jelly-fish. Later, when we went to bathe, I took the bucket and emptied it into the sea in shallow water about three feet deep. By this time the sand-hoppers were back again inside the jelly-fish. We all noticed this with great interest. It seemed to me curious that the jelly-fish, in that confined space of the bucket, could have recaptured the sand-hoppers. For the next fifteen minutes I watched what happened as the jelly-fish swam leisurely and freely about in the shallow water. Some of the sand-hoppers came out and some remained inside. Those that came out swam about in the sea, but did not go into the sand, as I had expected. They returned after a swim of varying distance to the jelly-fish. There was one which went a good forty feet distant, and great was our surprise when it returned and entered the stomach of its all-obliging host, where it remained for a time resting. How *could* this tiny creature, after having strayed so far in the open sea, find again its own jelly-fish, which in the meanwhile had been drifting freely about? What land- or sea-marks could it possibly have? What was the strange affinity which drew it back to its drifting home? Neither my reason nor my imagination could find an answer; and when one comes to question how such a homing-sense could be evolved and maintained by any method of mechanical adaptation to environment, or by the chance mutations of unit-characters, or by chemical reaction, then both imagination and reasoning power are again inadequate in the presence of such facts, which are amply confirmed by other observers.

Another case of affinity is that between the shark and the pilot-fish. A pilot-fish is a small brightly coloured fish which accompanies the shark and most often precedes him, as though smelling out the way. The shark follows obediently the movements of his little scout. He never attacks or hurts the pilot-fish, which may at times retreat inside the shark's mouth, and, according to some writers, is even safe to explore as far as his stomach, and return uninjured. So close is this association that the pilot-fish will jump into the air after a captured shark when it is being pulled up out of the sea.

W. H. Hudson in *A Naturalist in La Plata*, tells of the affinity that the puma of South America has for man. Although men may hunt the puma and offer it every kind of violence, the puma will never attack men, and will seldom defend itself against attack. It has a quite unaccountable friendliness towards men, and has been known on more than one occasion to stay all the night through beside men who have been wounded or incapacitated, and lying out defenceless on the Pampas. The puma, on these occasions, has become a self-appointed guardian, and has fought with and driven off jaguars, who would doubtless, had it not been for the puma's presence, have killed and devoured the wounded men. Such behaviour remains at present beyond explanation, but it is no less or more wonderful than that of the fish and the medusa or the sand-hoppers and the jelly-fish on Hayling beach.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

HOSPITALS AND THE PUBLIC

[We have received many letters from correspondents as a result of an article in our issue of March 23rd, *Experiences of a Hospital Patient*. The large majority of them support the writer's criticisms. Some relate equally unpleasant experiences. Other correspondents with equal truth testify to the excellence of the treatment they received. It is certain that many hospitals are admirably managed; but this is no answer to the complaint that some of them are badly managed or to the main point that they are all handicapped by lack of funds. It is the smaller hospitals which are usually most

open to criticism, and the majority of the great teaching hospitals undoubtedly perform invaluable work in face of great difficulties. But the author of *Experiences of a Hospital Patient* was in fact writing with care and accuracy of one of these great teaching hospitals. The following letter from Mr. Gerald Barry seems to us to summarise the situation.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I was particularly interested to read in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of March 23 an article by a correspondent describing his experiences as a paying patient in a voluntary hospital. It so happens that I had just previously contributed to the *News Chronicle* an article based on my observations while visiting a friend of mine who was also recently a paying patient at such a hospital; and I was struck by the similarity of several of the criticisms your correspondent and I had to make, and especially in regard to the cleaning of wards simultaneously with the serving of meals. The article I wrote was not an important one and was printed with no special prominence, but it evoked a response which both in its volume and its intensity has startled and greatly impressed me. The letters that reached me revealed a depth of resentment against the system—as well as, very often, a warmth of gratitude towards individuals—which make it plain that the question is one that moves the public deeply. And since your correspondent has started what is bound to be a controversy, it occurs to me that your readers may be interested to learn something of what these letters had to say, and of the conclusions I formed from reading them. A selection from them was printed in the *News Chronicle* at the time, and some of your readers may have seen them. Besides those addressed to the paper, many have reached me personally. Reading them carefully and weighing their burden, I have no hesitation in saying that in the aggregate they overwhelmingly support and justify the charges I made—which were, in brief, that inattention, inefficiency and an insufficient regard for elementary hygiene are rife in some at least of our voluntary hospitals, and that the primary cause of these defects is lack of sufficient funds.

Some correspondents took me to task for criticising an institution which is full of examples of devoted service. Several wrote to tell me of personal experiences of kindness and happiness. Let me be quite clear on this point. I would not for one instant deny that you will find innumerable instances of devotion and sympathy among our hospital staffs. On the contrary, I can testify to them most warmly from personal experience. I am not indicting persons, but a system. Where there is carelessness or mismanagement on the part of individuals it may sometimes be due to lack of proper discipline from above, but in general it is caused by faults inherent in the system as now administered. I understand the many and grave difficulties, and in my article in the *News Chronicle* I gave due weight to them. But the indictment stands. To me it is no excuse to debit the delinquencies to shortage of staff, lack of funds, overwork, under-pay, etc., as some of my correspondents do. These are precisely the things I complain of. These things are not excuses—they are further indictments. They underline all I had to say.

One point I complained of in my article was hospital food, the monotony of its choice, the poorness of its cooking. Naturally not all hospitals are alike in this respect, but to judge by the eloquence of the complaints some must be bad indeed. "My grateful thanks to you," writes one, "for your outspoken article . . . I have been in two hospitals in the last twelve months, one supposed to be our richest and most up to date. But, oh, the food!" There follow details, only too familiar. "I have seen half the dinners sent back, and then, of course, you had nothing." It is no use people trying to tell me, as one or two have done, that where hospital food appears to be dull or monotonous it is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the patient, who has in reality been placed on diet. "Mince five days running," "Potatoes always boiled without salt," "Meat overcooked till it is dry and tasteless." What sort of diet is this, and ordered by what doctor? Small details, maybe: but of real importance to the invalid who requires physical and mental nourishment and to whom mealtimes offer one of the few opportunities of variety in a necessarily monotonous existence.

A question I asked about the need for early waking brought a shoal of answers. It is a point on which people evidently feel most keenly. I want to give all credit to the successful efforts in this and other connections of the King Edward's Hospital Fund (a body which is doing fine work to improve the voluntary hospital system). The Fund published a report in 1932 on this matter, and I am glad to say that, as a result of its recommendations, the proportion of hospitals on the Fund's books in which patients are woken before 6 a.m. has fallen from 53 per cent. in 1932 to 21 per cent. to-day.

One letter I must quote more fully because it covers several points and because its author is in a position to gain rather more insight than the average member of the public:

"Only the layman observing the hospitals from outside can view the problem whole. I have had special experience of them due to the fact that I have been a member of the blood transfusion service for the last eight years, had previously been a patient in three different hospitals, and have friends in both the medical and nursing professions.

"There is very much about the hospitals that the public does not, but ought to, know. . . . Of course, the worst sufferer under the present system is the patient in the general ward, and he is practically inarticulate. He is made to pay all he can afford, and sometimes more, and is still treated like a pauper. He still has to keep himself in eggs and fruit or go without. Like a criminal, he is forbidden to see his friends except for a miserable three or four hours a week. Some means must also be found to stop this terrible herding of the dying with those who are trying to live; to remove the psychologically bad atmosphere which nobody but the poor patient at present seems to trouble about."

That is the general burden of complaint—the "psychologically bad atmosphere." The Secretary of the Merseyside Hospital Council, Mr. Henry Lamb, sent me some particularly interesting observations from which I take leave to quote, because they deal with this point while justifying the voluntary system (incidentally he endorses my remarks about food).

"If once it can be established," he writes, "that the most important person in our hospitals is the patient, then it matters little whether they are financed by the State or by voluntary effort."

Quite: and at present this vital if elementary principle is *not* established, even though hospitals have the humanising advantages of the voluntary system. And they have to struggle, into the bargain, with all the formidable *dis*advantages inherent in a system dependent on squeezing a bare livelihood out of the beneficence of the public.

I submit that the care of the sick should not be left to sporadic charity, however nobly given. I know there is much to be said for the voluntary principle. I know it has produced, and will go on producing, a wonderful record of selfless devotion. But I also know that as at present administered our hospitals are left half starving; that while we spend millions on armaments—on bringing death—we leave the means of bringing new health and life to drag along as best it may. And I believe that most of the hospital shortcomings on which the people of this country feel so deeply are due to no failure of human devotion but to this single crippling factor of poverty. For this reason—whether the remedy lies in larger public grants or in direct public control—I say that to rely solely on the fine qualities evoked by the voluntary principle is sentimentalism, where what we need first is efficiency. And I shall be glad to hear the answer.

GERALD BARRY

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

"THE spirit of life that nothing can keep down." This line appears twice in Mr. C. Day Lewis's latest poem, *A Time to Dance*, once in relation to the recklessly daring flight of two airmen to Australia, and once in relation to the revolutionary struggle of the workers towards Communism. It is a moving line in itself and even more in its context, for it is an expression of the heroic spirit. Some time after reading the line, however, I began to wonder whether an ironist with a gift for verse could not write an extremely effective poem in which not only the fair manifestations of the spirit of life were celebrated, but also the foul. The spirit of life has been a glorious liberator, but it has been a mighty slave-hunter and executioner as well. In most of the great conflicts of history, the spirit of life has fought on both sides. It could win only by conquering the spirit of life, and it could be beaten only by being defeated by the spirit of life.

It is possible, of course, to take it for granted that the spirit of life is always predominantly on the side with which one sympathises. As children, many of us regarded every triumph of the Israelites over the Jebusites, the Hittites and the Ammonites as a triumph of the spirit of life, though we never

thought of it in those particular terms. Believing that they stood for life and light as the chosen people of God, we had no great objection to their smiting a number of idolatrous Jebusites hip and thigh. We never paused to consider whether the Philistines might be a decent, hard-working people asking only for a place in the sun. Samson was the incarnation of the spirit of life as he slew them with the jaw-bone of an ass. There is no evidence that Samson was a more virtuous or more gracious-mannered man than Goliath, but Goliath had not the spirit of life in him, and we rejoiced when David felled the lifeless giant with a pebble from his sling. This, however, was a matter in which it was easy to be sure which was the right side. We knew this on the best authority, and for us the enemies of the Hebrews, from the magnificently energetic Egyptians onwards, were the enemies of the spirit of life.

As regards secular history, on the other hand, it was not so easy to be quite certain on which side the spirit of life was fighting. We might, of course, have decided that the side that won was always the side on which the spirit of life had been fighting, but, in order to do so, we should have had to believe that the spirit of life was non-moral, and was as ready to assist in crushing freedom as in achieving it. The spirit of life, we should have had to admit, had built all the great empires and the great tyrannies, had founded great industries on the servitude of women and children and had exploited the bodies and souls of helpless savages for gain. We revolt from this conception in our early years, however, and do not feel that we are denying the spirit of life when we take sides with Hannibal against the Romans or with Brutus against Julius Caesar. From Hector onwards, our heroes are to be found as often among the defeated as among the victorious. The defeat of these heroes has meant to our imaginations the defeat of what is best in life by what is worst.

Hence we cannot celebrate the spirit of life either as something that is invariably noble or as something that invariably triumphs. We are forced to admit that, like life itself, it is both good and evil, and that in fact it is the creator of most of the miseries as well as of most of the grandeurs in human history. Certainly, in Nature, the spirit of life seems extraordinarily indifferent in its distribution of good and evil. It is the spirit of life that gives the small birds courage to unite in mobbing a twilight owl, and it is the spirit of life that gives the hawk the swiftness and keenness of sight that enable it to pounce on its prey. The dog, filled with the spirit of life, pursues the cat; the cat, filled with the spirit of life, pursues the bird; the bird, filled with the spirit of life, pursues the insect. The spirit of life is impartial as between the lion and the lamb. It gives the lion strength that makes him dangerous and so leads to the destruction of its species: it gives the lamb timidity and serviceableness that lead to the preservation of its species. Yet no one could say that the spirit of life is more manifest in the lamb than in the lion. The truth is, it is the lion and the eagle and such creatures of prey, rather than the gentle creatures who live for our use, that have won the admiration of man, as symbols of the spirit of life. It is the courageous fighting animal that most delights the imagination. It was love of the spirit of life in the game-cock that was the chief cause of the popularity of cock-fighting. It was the same love of the spirit of life, I imagine, more than delight in cruelty, that first taught men to take pleasure in the bull-ring.

Among human animals, as among their dumb fellow-creatures, we also single out the courageous fighter for our devotion. If he is a courageous fighter, we admire him, even if he is an enemy or if he is fighting for a cause which we believe to be unjust. In fiction—in fiction, perhaps, considerably more than in life—we can scarcely refuse admiration to a scoundrel if he is superlatively courageous. I cannot see, however, how this love of the spirit of life is to help us in our politics. If we had been living in the time of the French Revolution, we should have found ourselves hard put to it to tell on a spirit-of-life theory which side to take at the various crises. Should we have thought there was more spirit of life in the Girondins or in those who executed them, in Danton or in those who executed him, in Robespierre or in those who executed him? Was Marat or Charlotte Corday the truer representative of the spirit of life? Was Napoleon the incarnation of the spirit of life in the days of his triumphs, and had the spirit of life transferred itself to Wellington by the time of Waterloo?

I think we have to be sure of our answers to such questions as these before we commit ourselves to idealising the spirit of life as a necessarily good and beautiful thing. There is scarcely an aggressive movement in Europe to-day that does not feel that it represents the spirit of life that nothing can keep down. The Italians sing *Giovanezza* as though it were the hymn of a nation in resurrection. No poet ever felt more exalted by the revival of the world in April than the German feels as he hears of the rearmament of his country. The spirit of life, indeed, has been abroad from the Shannon to the Ural Mountains, and no one knows what will come of all this if it is allowed to continue, unchecked by the consideration that the spirit of life is the common possession of all peoples, of all causes, of all classes, and of all human beings.

When once any country or any class begins to believe that it is the sole depository of the spirit of life, it is ten to one that the spirit of life will become self-centred and ruthless. The Nazis, refusing to acknowledge that the Jews, too, possessed the spirit of life, used rubber truncheons on them and treated them as outcasts in the country of their birth. The Fascists, denying that the spirit of life existed, not only in Communists, but in Liberals, treated some of them to castor-oil and some of them to exile. The Bolsheviks again dealt with the bourgeois as with people in whom the spirit of life could not be detected with a microscope. And who can be sure that if, in any of the great conflicts in modern Europe, matters had been reverse and the other side had won, the vanquished would have been any better treated by the victors? Would a triumphant White Russia have been merciful to the Reds? Would a Communist Italy or Germany, elated by victory, have taken for its motto, "Pardon's the word for all," and invited Fascists and Nazis to share freely in the common brotherhood of man? It is difficult to believe so. Most political enthusiasts are tempted to see in their opponents not equal possessors of the spirit of life, but the party of decadence and death.

Hence, I am not sure that what Europe is suffering from most is not an excessive consciousness of the spirit of life in the various nations. It is a spirit rich in courage and self-sacrifice, and therefore beautiful: it is a spirit rich in hate and mercilessness, and therefore hideous. It seems to me that life is pleasanter, not only for oneself, but for other people, when there is a little less of the spirit of life about. It is the glory of the individual, but it is often the curse of nations. After all, the spirit of life is seen in the earthquake as well as in the green field. One cannot trust it unrestrained as a guide out of world-chaos.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

PEACE BALLOT FUND

SIR,—I am most grateful to you for giving such prominence to my Appeal for the Peace Ballot Fund in your last issue; and for commending it so warmly to your readers. I greatly appreciate the decision of your Board to give your readers a lead by contributing the sum of £25. I have already had a number of generous contributions from your readers in response to the Appeal, and am confident that many more of your readers will wish to help us to carry the Ballot through to a triumphant conclusion. We hope to pass the five million mark in the total answers received within the next few days; but there is still a long way to go.

National Declaration Committee, CECIL
15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

WAR AND CAPITALISM

SIR,—In summary of this discussion, let us take stock of certain conclusions in which my critics concur, or which they do not seriously challenge:

(1) Another war will very probably wipe out capitalism (and, we might add, its due proportion of capitalists and bourgeois).

(2) It will also be extremely likely to wipe out Socialism for a considerable time, in that Socialism is quite unlikely to emerge from post-war chaos. It has not done so from the chaos of the last war in any industrial society, any society that is, where the technician, the professional order, is dominant or powerful. Extreme forms of Fascism are likely to emerge. (One of your correspondents quotes Mr. Postgate to the effect that after another war Socialism will be more remote than ever.)

(3) War does not solve the problem of the capitalist glut. At most, it temporarily eases it for some sections at the cost of other sections.

(4) If capitalists were wise, took long views, could consider the interests of their class or system as a whole, they would abolish war.

(5) In so far as it is true at all to say that "capitalism is the cause of war," it is because (*a*) one group of capitalists is usually in conflict with another group; (*b*) capitalism is therefore unable to act as a "system" or class at all, so that (*c*) capitalists are *not* wise, and take short views.

If the above should be thought no fair summary of what my critics have contributed to this discussion, I would remind your readers of certain statements by them. Brailsford says:

> I think it highly probable that another major war may smash what Angell calls "the system," at all events in the defeated countries. (To me the thing looks like a chaos, not a system.) I never said that "the system" benefits by war. To me any such generalisation about war, whether it affirms or denies, seems crude and unhistorical. . . . Nor did I say that war is indispensable to capitalism. . . . It may be ruinous, and even fatal to the capitalist society that engages in it, and yet it will follow from the drive to monopoly in a world of competing imperial units. . . . Nor did I ever believe that capitalist production can in the long run solve the problem of glut by acquiring closed markets. . . . Lancashire engineers cut the throats of Lancashire spinners by exporting textile machinery to India. It fails because it is not a "system," but a chaos of unco-ordinated profit-hunting.

Laski says:

> I agree with Sir Norman that this use [i.e., the capitalist's use of power] in the long run, recoils, as in India, upon themselves. Yet, on the evidence, they are less interested in the long run than Sir Norman. For it is really important that, while he is a philosopher, they are capitalists.

Frank Hardie says:

> I don't think intelligent Marxists deny that war is not in the interests of the capitalist class as a whole. . . . I have an idea that Lenin himself said as much—that if the dominating capitalists of the world could be got together round a table they could come to some arrangement for parcelling it out economically in such a way as to prevent war. Such a state of affairs would amount to a realisation in practice of what I understand to be Kautsky's theory of ultra-imperialism.

The Editor of *Plebs* says:

> The fact that war and tariffs do not solve permanently the problem of glut does not prevent the capitalist class from trying them time and time again, any more than the fact that all men must die prevents Sir Norman from eating dinner after dinner. It's the nature of man to eat and the nature of capitalism to make war.

Which last generalisation or assertion is characteristic of a too common Marxist attitude. If it were really the nature of man to go on eating food which was fatally poisonous, he would not be here. The capitalist has just eaten a meal which has made him deathly sick. Another like it will certainly kill him, and in doing so, poison his neighbours. The question is: Can he be persuaded to refrain? The Marxist answer is the fine large generalisation that "it is the nature of man to eat dinners."

The purpose of this discussion is, I take it, not to establish the maximum indictment of capitalism which by every argumentative subtlety can be made to hold water, but the quite practical one of discovering the grounds upon which the co-operation of the bourgeois can be secured for certain *political* changes in the international field, political changes indispensable to peace under whatever economic system we may live, and say to him:

> Whatever happens to you under Socialism—and we believe that your position will in fact be bettered, though leave that aside for the moment—war will utterly destroy you, economically speaking; will engulf your savings, destroy your monetary and credit systems, wipe away your foreign trade. You have only to consider what the last war actually did accomplish in that direction, to estimate what the next, imposing its burdens upon an already weakened system, is likely to do.

No Socialist of authority denies the broad truth of that statement. Yet, instead of throwing the emphasis of our advocacy upon the one fact in relation to war and capitalism which is at once the most unquestionable and at the same time the one best calculated to furnish the ground of common action necessary for peace, so many of us throw the whole emphasis upon a proposition which is not only the most doubtful in the whole case; one which advocates even as able and brilliant as Brailsford are compelled to qualify so carefully and so complicatedly, but which is also the one proposition certain to make any co-operation with the bourgeois world impossible; asking of it the maximum of sacrifice, the maximum of effort, and the maximum of imagination. Confronted by the demand that he must be ready to sweep away his whole system and way of life if he is to have peace at all, the bourgeois is likely to find the Beaverbrook or the Oswald Mosley way both more understandable and more attractive. Incidentally, the Beaverbrooks and Mosleys the world over are quite capable of using the hatred of capitalists and bankers to fight the internationalist (if not indeed the Socialist), as witness the success with which Father Coughlin and Huey Long in America, and Hitler himself in Germany, have made hatred of the capitalist and banker an instrument of Nationalist policy.

The Peace Ballot in Britain has shown undoubtedly that the British bourgeoisie has not only a real and deep desire for peace, but, what was probably not the case a few years ago, a willingness to pay the price by assuming the obligations of a collective system. A 70 per cent. majority of affirmative replies to Question 56 shows clearly, even when all allowances are made, that our public has travelled far since it refused to ratify either Cecil's Treaty of Mutual Assistance, or the Labour Party's Protocol. It hesitates at the present moment between what it regards as the Beaverbrook-Rothermere-Lloyd road, or the Cecil-Labour road. At almost every meeting on peace which I have addressed (and they now mount into many hundreds), the Communist, at question time, in guise of a question, orates to the general effect that the Collective system as advocated by either Cecil or the Labour Party is utterly useless. Unless, he declares, the bourgeois is prepared to abolish the whole system of property, profits, private enterprise, and adopt the Moscow system in its full flower, there can be no peace.

More than once it has happened to me to have some member of the bourgeois audience put me privately a question along these lines:

> Must I really surrender my property or surrender peace? Do I have to choose between the fanatic we heard to-night and the imbecilities of the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Express*? Is war really due to capitalism or the stupidity of capitalists? Do we really have to go to war in order to preserve our trade and profits under the present system? If capitalists were really wise, would they keep the peace?

What is the *true* answer, putting aside all question of expediency?

Now the strange thing is that nearly all the contributors to this symposium—including those most critical of my own standpoint—say that if capitalists were wise and took long views, even from the standpoint of their own interests, they would so organise the world that wars did not occur. Then why not say so in our presentation of the peace case? since it is not only the truth, but the most useful of all the truths in this connection at this juncture of the world's affairs. Why not tell the bourgeois that even if Socialism does chastise him with whips, war will chastise him with scorpions?

When I get that question, "Could we so organise the world as to make the system of property and private enterprise compatible with peace?" or what is nearly the same question in another form, "Is our present need a political or an economic step?" my mind turns to the situation which confronted American statesmanship when the Colonies had gained their freedom from the mother country, but had not yet formed a Union. Local patriotism was rampant, New York State was actually for a time at war with the State of New Jersey (Vermont formally and diplomatically declaring its "neutrality"). A very little more drift in that direction and there would have happened in what is now the United States what actually did happen later in the Colonial Empire of Spain when it had won *its* independence: the Colonies forming into separate Republics. The result would have been in North America what it was in South and Central America: perpetual war. Peace was established between the States of the North for all time. By

what means? By vast economic changes? Not at all. By a purely political step: the formation of a Federal Union. To say that Bolivar in South America failed to establish a system of peace where Hamilton succeeded in the North, because "capitalism" was more developed in South America than in the North, that Bolivar had more to contend with in the opposition of capitalists to Union, is to assert obvious rubbish. Hamilton was a banker and merchant, standing for the interests of the trading and financial classes. The peace which he established between the States was to the interest of the capitalism which later developed; as the wars which developed from the separatism of the Spanish-American States were injurious to capitalism. If Hamilton had failed (which he very nearly did), there would have been continual wars between say Pennsylvania and Ohio; they may well have arisen from "economic" quarrels. But only the *political* step which actually did prevent them could have prevented them.

This is not only the plain and obvious truth. It is the truth which, applied to the Europe of our day, most concerns the world just now. Let us preach it. NORMAN ANGELL

EMPIRE CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Your correspondence columns could no doubt be filled many times over with instances of the confiscation of books by the British Government. Particularly apposite, however, to the visit of Mr. Eden to Stalin is the information that Stalin's *Report on the Soviet Union* consigned to a well-known Bombay bookseller, has been confiscated by His Majesty's Customs Authorities in Bombay.

Why is it safe for Mr. Eden and a host of newspaper correspondents to see and talk to a man whose words the Indian people must not even read? And have any of your readers knowledge of cases of confiscation of *Mein Kampf?* J. PARSONS

Martin Lawrence Ltd.,
33 Great James Street, W.C.1.

[We could, as our correspondent suggests, fill our columns with protests from publishers whose books are confiscated within the British Empire. The Irish Free State continually adds to its long catalogue of censored literature and we have recently received an astonishing list of books which Australians are not allowed to read. But the most formidable list, of course, comes from India, where the British authorities still have direct responsibility. Publishers complain that their books are bought, paid for, sent and then confiscated at the Customs without warning. They are expected to refund the money and in any case lose not only the profits of legitimate trade but also the cost of despatching the books.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FAMINE IN RUSSIA?

SIR,—To those of us who have no experience of famine—living in this land of comparative plenty, it would appear that there must have been very widespread and desperate hunger in the countryside of the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Louis Fischer, who wrote an article, "Bread and Bolshevism," in your issue of December 22nd last, stated that the ration system was inaugurated in 1928, not so much because the city was underfed, but because the peasant came into town and bought up the city's bread and from his description, the derationing is to enable the town population to obtain all the still limited amount of bread available by reason of being able to outbid the people from the country for it. As the price is raised, the country people will be unable to pay a (Communist) profit to those who have managed to get excess supplies of which they can dispose and sell for profit and not for use.

If figures have any bearing on the subject, we may each of us judge for ourselves as to the probability or otherwise of widespread famine on the land in certain parts of the U.S.S.R.

The 1913 grain crop was 80,000,000 tons. The aim of the Five-Year Plan was to increase this figure to 105,000,000 tons in 1932 and, of course, not less for future years with a population which is said to have increased by 30,000,000 souls since 1913.

The 1932 crop, according to estimates, was 69,000,000 tons; the 1933—a "bumper" crop as a result of the fine weather for sowing, growing and harvesting—was first estimated at 89,000,000 tons, later revised to 85,000,000 tons, and subsequently M. Ossinski, who is said to be now in "semi-disgrace," admitted that the threshings were 30–40–50 per cent. lower than the estimated "biological" yield. As a matter of interest, it is worth quoting how he explained the procedure of fixing the yields:

> The main mass of material was made up of the subjective estimates of regional agricultural bodies and of the inter-regional State Commissions, which were the corrected estimates of the farms themselves. . . In general, the yield was defined according to mass subjective estimates, corrected by estimates of the "biological" yield, and compared with statistical, agro-technical, organisational, economical, meteorological, and other materials which could clear up, define, or correct these estimates.—*Observer*, March 11th, 1934.

which reminds us of what he said in the *Moscow News* of February 27th, 1932, and confirms it: "the kolkhozes (collective farms) have few people who can keep accounts as we want them, and they are short of paper," to which he added: "the sown area figures tend to err from another cause. The local representatives of the Commissariat of Agriculture have an optimistic tendency to report the plan without regard as to whether it is accomplished—which rather upsets our accounting!"

This admission came as a bombshell to people in the grain trade in London, who could hardly credit the news, and exports last year were negligible. No final estimate of the realised yield of the crop was issued. The official statistics of 89,000,000 tons are still used by many of those who wish to prove the benefits of collectivisation, but the calculations based on M. Ossinski's admissions led experts to estimate that the available grain could hardly have reached 75,000,000 tons.

In 1934, the weather conditions were absolutely different from those of 1933, and unfavourable in many ways. The best the authorities have claimed is that the crops were "as good as 1933," and that they have collected as much grain from the peasants as in that year, but no figures have been given and it is doubtful if the crop exceeded 70,000,000 tons.

Taking a fair view of the figure available we see that instead of the planned total of 315,000,000 tons for the three years, the actual available quantity for 1932–33–34, was about 215,000,000 tons. As cattle have been decimated, and sugar also turned out at least 50 per cent. short of the Plan, it is difficult to believe that famine was not on a very large scale. The one outstanding fact is that after spending hundreds of millions of pounds on machinery, and in spite of the collectivisation forced upon the population, and with 30,000,000 more people to feed, they have succeeded in getting nearly 10,000,000 tons a year less grain than 1913, during the three years under review.

We may well believe Mr. Fischer when he said that he did not mean to suggest that supplies were already adequate. What a commentary on the country to which Mr. Lloyd George was looking for bulging corn bins! Instead, we find it bulging with the inflation of the currency which Mr. Fischer stated is now officially recognised, whilst in this country, as Mr. Banfield recently admitted, we have the cheapest and best bread in the world. MARCUS SAMUEL

O.T.C.s

SIR,—Mr. Eric Hall in the letter you published in your issue of the 30th March writes: "What was emphasised by myself and other speakers—was that Cadet Corps could give an educational value in self-discipline . . . ." Now the main objection to Cadet Corps and also to "physical training" is that they give discipline but no self-discipline; they put human beings into the same class as railway signals, traffic robots and goose-steppers. The best self-discipline of the kind in question is that which is acquired in the common games of childhood and youth, especially in rugger, hockey and cricket.

If the prospect of war is inclining some to desire the formation of Cadet Corps in schools let them remember that games require the exercise of initiative, courage, endurance, self-control and quickness of decision; and that these qualities are of supreme value both in peace and in war. One may ask to what extent the present state of Germany is due to the "Cadet Corps principle."

Lyme Cottage, Kelso. JAS. W. STEWART

SIR,—In correcting your comments under the above heading, Mr. Eric Hall is himself somewhat incorrect and misleading, and I trust that I shall not be accused of emulating the example of both of you.

I also was present and took part in the L.C.C. Education Committee debate, though not in that of the Council itself, and I am sure that Mr. Hall must have completely forgotten my criticisms of his colleague—a recent Chairman of the London County Council—who urged the necessity for Cadet Corps in our Secondary Schools on the grounds that it was the duty of every boy to learn how to defend his country.

I admit that Mr. Hall was moderation personified, and I sympathised with him at the time for the nature of the support he was receiving from his friends. Perhaps he will now realise that Cadet Corps are dangerous things to organise and that their justification on the grounds that he himself advanced opens up that flood of militarism to which we were treated by those sitting behind him. It may be unfair to blame Mr. Hall himself for this, although it is a moot point how far an opener of a debate is to be held responsible for the arguments which his subject incites from its supporters. Incidentally, Mr. Hall neglected to explain, either in his letter or in his speech, how "educational value in self-discipline" is enhanced by training in the mechanism and manipulation of rifles and machine-guns, to say nothing of the technique of aerial warfare, accompanied by visits to airdromes for the purpose.

HUGH FRANKLIN

3 Cornwood Close, N.2.

REFUGEES FROM GERMANY

SIR,—Your note of March 15 about the German refugees called attention to the admirable work done by the Academic Assistance Council for displaced scholars. This is one of the bright spots in the record of work for the refugees from Germany. Another bright spot is the settlement of 20,000 Jews from Germany in Palestine; but there are some dark and tragic spots to which public attention should constantly be drawn.

Some thousands of non-Jewish political refugees from Germany, Social-Democrats, Liberals, etc., are still in France, Czechoslovakia, Denmark and other European countries. They are not allowed to work in the present economic crisis; hundreds of them are not allowed to reside permanently in any place; they cannot move even when they have a chance of work overseas, because of lack of funds. They include artisans, miners and peasants. Seven hundred of them who had taken refuge in the Saar and had to move from there when the Saar was reunited to Germany are at least housed and fed by the French Government; but in Paris and Prague hundreds go hungry.

The Labour and Trade Union bodies organised in the International Federation of Trade Unions made in 1933 and 1934 a most creditable effort to raise money for the assistance of their exiled comrades. They collected altogether some £45,000. They have again launched an International Solidarity Appeal, but they have to provide from that fund not only for the Germans, but for Austrian, Spanish and other Socialist exiles.

The Society of Friends have been giving and are still giving devoted service. Their centre in Paris is helping the destitute, and feeding daily 1,200 of their children. But the general public have not done their part for the general non-Jewish refugees as the academic circles have done for the academic refugees. It is for them to give the working man, fighting for freedom of thought no less than the academic exiles, the chance of a new life and a new home. There is urgent need of funds for the cost of emigrating families when the opportunity of settlement overseas is offered. Contributions may be sent either to the Society of Friends, Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, or to the International Solidarity Fund of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees (Jewish and Other) Coming from Germany. Sentinel House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

NORMAN BENTWICH

TEACHERS AND POLITICS

SIR,—The undersigned members of the staffs of Oxford University and of Oxford Colleges desire to place on record their view that it is highly undesirable that Universities, Schools or other teaching institutions should seek to place any restriction upon the political activities of teachers in either national or municipal affairs. It is, in their opinion, of the greatest importance both that the electors should be free to choose their representatives from the widest possible range of candidates, without professional or occupational exclusion, and that teachers, unless and until it can be shown that such activity is detrimental to the performance of duties they have undertaken, should play an active part in all those aspects of public life which have to do with educational and social welfare.

Accordingly, the undersigned strongly urge the authorities of all schools or other educational institutions which at present forbid members of their teaching staff to become parliamentary or municipal candidates to withdraw this prohibition, and to follow rather the practice of such Universities as Oxford and Cambridge, the Education Committees of the County of London and of other Boroughs, the foundations of Eton, Harrow and Winchester and of several of the best known girls' public schools—in which the signatories understand that no ban is imposed.

A. J. AYER; I. I. BOWEN; A. BARRATT BROWN; C. V. BUTLER; E. F. CARRITT; E. S. CARTWRIGHT; G. E. F. CHILVER; G. D. H. COLE; R. H. S. CROSSMAN; D. CROWFOOT; D. H. S. DAVIS; J. ORR EWING; B. E. GWYER; GRACE E. HADOW; R. F. HARROD; C. HILL; E. M. HUGH JONES; M. L. LEE; R. G. C. LEVENS; M. D. R. LEYS; K. B. MCFARLANE; D. LANE POOLE; CHAIM RABINOVITCH; D. SKILBECK; P. C. GORDON-WALKER; IVY WILLIAMS; E. L. YORKE; J. Z. YOUNG

SCOTTSBORO' DEFENCE COMMITTEE

SIR,—The four-year fight to secure justice for the Scottsboro' negroes, to which THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and its readers have given generous support, reaches a fresh stage with the order of the United States Supreme Court for yet another trial of the two lads under sentence of death.

The prospects of securing a complete acquittal are now better than they have ever been, and the Scottsboro' Defence Committee is launching a new campaign immediately. Donations will be most gratefully received by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, 4 Parton Street, London, W.C.1.

GLADYS HALL,
Joint Secretary Scottsboro' Defence Committee

4 Parton Street,
London, W.C.1.

ADVERTISING

SIR,—Lord Arnold's proposal to legislate against the efforts of brewers and distillers to push the sale of intoxicating liquors by means of posters and advertisements containing "palpable scientific untruths" raises the whole question of misleading advertisements, and especially those which proclaim the virtues of proprietary articles and patent medicines. A year ago I replied to two whole-page advertisements of this nature in order to see how far the advertisers would go in the attempt to justify the extravagant claims made on behalf of what were obviously slight modifications of ordinary articles obtainable from any chemist or maker of surgical appliances. As a result I was bombarded with expensively got-up pamphlets and other literature, the cost of which explained in part, if it did not justify, the extortionate price of the articles offered for sale. The siege continued in one case for several months, in the other case for a year, the final shot being a personal letter offering me the goods at little more than half the original price. The pamphlets, like the original advertisement, were full of preposterous assertions which any intelligent person with an elementary knowledge of physiology or medicine would recognise as falsehoods, but which were cleverly calculated to play upon the fears of the ignorant. Neglect to purchase the goods was denounced as folly bringing in its train almost every ill which afflicts mankind, from blood-pressure to appendicitis and from rheumatism to cancer. It is difficult to believe that, as some assert, even the most reputable daily papers will print any advertisement not of an obscene or libellous character so long as it is well paid, but will refuse to print a letter, however sincere and justified, if it is likely to offend an important advertiser. But it is equally difficult to understand how the daily press, which preserves such high standards in other respects, exercises so little discrimination in the acceptance of advertisements. Neither the presss nor the advertisting agencies can complain if Parliament takes steps to protect the public from being victimised.

S. W. COCKS

The Firs, Albany Park Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

TRAINING COLLEGES

SIR,—The writer of the review of Colonel Loftus's book, *Education and the Citizen*, makes a statement about the sins of omission of the Training Colleges course which I think should not pass unnoticed. He deplores the fact that intending teachers are taught only child psychology and not the psychology of the teacher. Anybody who has taught child psychology knows that it is impossible to

do so without unceasing reference to adult psychology. Moreover, all discussion of teaching method, etc., does ultimately turn on psychological considerations. To introduce a special study of "the teacher's psychology" would therefore add, to an already overcrowded course, a subject which is constantly discussed. In fact, in the opinion of some training college students, the whole subject already looms too large. I am writing, of course, of my own college only, but on the whole the training colleges are not quite such benighted places as the writer of the review seems to think. It is surely time these easy generalisations about them should cease.

A PRINCIPAL

POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION

SIR,—In view of the letter from the National Council for Civil Liberties to which you gave publicity in a recent issue, suggesting that political discrimination was the cause of the Albert Hall's having been refused for an Anti-Fascist meeting, I beg to bring to your notice the names of the following halls which have been recently refused to the British Union of Fascists for the purpose of holding meetings:

Cambridge	.. ..	The Guildhall.
Oxford	.. ..	The Town Hall.
Oldham	.. ..	Ind. Co-operative Society Hall.
Rochdale	.. ..	The Town Hall.
Plymouth	.. ..	The Guildhall and the Rinkeries.
Norwich	.. ..	The Agricultural Hall.
Banbury	.. ..	The Town Hall.
Leicester	.. ..	de Montford Hall.

A. K. CHESTERTON,
For the British Union of Fascists

Fascist Headquarters,
King's Road, Sloane Square, S.W.3

Miscellany

SELLING S.A.

THE advertisements of a nation are an indication of the state of mind of its various sections. The experts who place their services at the disposal of manufacturers have a shrewd idea of the psychology of those persons whom it is desired to influence, and in no country in the world is this sixth sense more finely developed than in the United States.

On a recent trip to that country I was much interested to observe the change that had occurred in the tone of the advertisements in the popular magazines since my previous visit. As always, the majority of these announcements appeal to women, but whereas previously they were of the warning sort that has since become familiar this side of the Atlantic, e.g., Halitosis or bad breath, B.O. (Body Odour), and the like, a new note is now sounded.

The theme of the majority of the advertisements now appearing in the popular American periodicals is the loss of feminine charm. Not only does the same *motif* run through these advertisements, but one word occurs in many of them, viz.: "*allure*." Thus:

> No married woman ever is unattractive.
> All I want to say is, that if you are
> dreaming of lost allure, why not do
> something about it?
> (Harriet Hubbard Ayer Inc. Beauty Preparations.)

or this one, with appropriate illustrations:

> He'll remember your eyes.
> Did they say "Come again"?
> (Winx keeps lashes soft and alluring.)

Romance is the keynote of most of the advertisements. For instance:

> Within 30 days you, too, can be
> ready for Romance,

the simple means of achieving which appears to be Woodbury's Facial Soap. In their search for romance women readers are invited to:

> Fling a challenge to adventure.
> Tattoo your lips and you will dare romance.
> That lovely lip colour of intense, more
> meaning brilliance, tempting in itself,
> but more tempting on lips.
> The warm red of challenge to adventure . . .
> to *fate*. Then Tattoo your cheeks into
> alluring harmony with your lips.
> ("Tattoo" Lipstick and Rouge.)

Americans have a passion for ostensibly exact statistics, and I recollect some years ago reading an official statement that in the State of New York alone it was estimated that 4,758,351 men daily kissed 5,943,728 women; hence the importance of pure ingredients only being used in the preparation of lipstick. No, this was not an advertisement, but the following are:

> Make up your lips for kisses. Men
> want to kiss your lips, not your lipstick.
> They want to feel your soft lips pressed
> to theirs without the taste of paint
> spoiling the illusion. Yet pale lips
> are just as unattractive as painted ones.
> So be most appealing and alluring, etc., etc.
> (Tangee Four Piece Miracle Make-up Set.)

> Lovable charm.
> You are always attracted by colour, for
> colour is always alive, vibrant, appealing.
> (Max Factor's Face Powder, Rouge and Super Indellible Lipstick, Hollywood.)

What conclusion is to be drawn from the advertisements of this prevailing type? Can it be that American women are finding that they are losing their "allure" for the other sex? If so, is this a reaction against the fact that women have perhaps been displaying their charms too liberally in recent years?

A. EMIL DAVIES

FORTUITIES—I.

SHE came into the consulting-room with the slow, ataxic gait of a novice on stilts. Her shy, slightly apologetic smile won my heart at once. "There's nothing the matter with me," she said, when she had sat down; "I only wanted to ask you if I might join your panel." "Of course," I answered; "but how do you come to be insured; you can't be working, surely?" For the nature of her disability was obvious. "No," she said, "I've been in and out of hospital for years—I'm thirty-one now—but I did work before that. I've got infantile paralysis. I know you can't do anything for that. They told me so." Her smile as she spoke was gentle and trusting, and her whole expression was indicative of gratitude for the privilege of being alive in so kindly a world.

"Who are you living with?" I asked.

"I live by myself. I haven't any relations or friends."

"Do you manage to look after yourself, then?"

"Yes, quite all right. I have a room in the Mile End Road. I get six shillings a week disablement benefit, you see; I shall want a certificate for that every month, if you don't mind."

"But of course you get help from the Public Assistance Committee?"

"Oh, yes; they pay the rent of my room. They said I could manage on what I get from the Insurance for everything else."

"So you feed and clothe yourself and everything else on six shillings a week?"

"Well, of course, I don't always get quite enough to eat, because the gas costs about a shilling; I seem to be always putting pennies in."

"And what do you do with yourself all day?"

"When I've tidied up my room, I just look out of my window and see the people and the buses go by. I'm glad I live in the Mile End Road; it would be very dull in a back street." Then, after a moment, "I think the Public Assistance Committee wants me to go into hospital again; but I needn't, need I? I've been in hospital nearly all the last five years; and they said they couldn't do anything for me. I don't want to give up my home."

O. H.

LEFT THEATRES

As far as the manual worker is concerned there is no English theatre. In the days of the popular "blood," the penny gaff, and the many industrious sons of Crummles, the stage was a gaudy trimming of proletarian life. But those warm gas-jets have burned out before the neon signs and brighter radiance of the Electropalasseum which offers a Garbo instead of a Snevellicci, and a far more lavish upholstery to proletarian posteriors than ever Crummles could afford. How many English Trade Unionists ever see an acted play apart from an annual visit to the Coketown panto? The music-hall was theirs and its artists often came out of Coketown to sing of gin and kippers. But that tradition has dwindled, and now the favourites are crooners and orchestra captains with their teams of "boys."

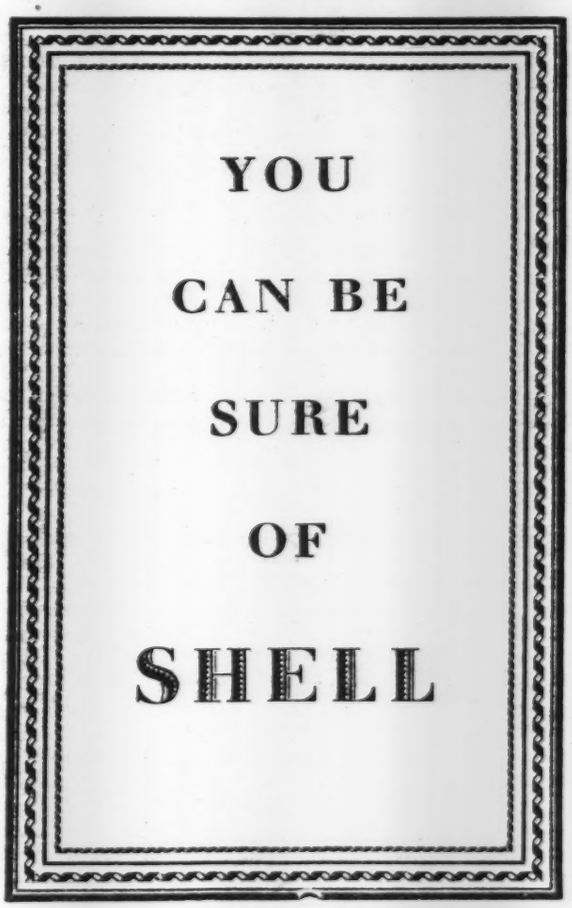
There is in London the Vic-Wells combination, but that the Left Wing would dismiss as "petty bourgeois," offering "nights out" to the intellectual snobs of the W.E.A., and functioning as part of the general capitalist conspiracy to nobble and fuddle the workers with irrelevant culture. Shakespeare, mitigated by Shaw—what pep for plebeians! Then there is the West End "People's National Theatre," which is intermittently popular, especially when it offers Chinese fairy-tale, but can hardly substantiate its claim to the title of National. The significant fact about the People's National Theatre is its address, which is neither Drury Lane nor Lyceum, but Little.

The National Theatre (Shakespeare Memorial) is once more endeavouring to lay its bricks, or rather to hatch the golden eggs laid more than twenty years ago. That subscriptions will pour in from Trade Unions is unlikely; it is equally unlikely that organised Labour in this country will organise its own theatre in the Russian manner or as the Berlin workers organised their own great playhouse after the war. It is true that Labour honoured the Tolpuddle centenary with a dramatic essay in martyrology, enacted in Dorchester, where the Drury Lane directors once discovered Edmund Kean. If there was in London, or in any great town, a theatre comparable to the Civic Union Playhouse in New York, that piece would have had a larger life. But our urban workers lack the theatrical tradition which the European immigrants carried to America and have not wholly lost. The Civic Union can procure a four months' run (at proletarian prices) for the kind of Left Wing Theatre whose offerings in London would only attract for a single Sunday a few juvenile beards, dark-blue shirts, and horn-rimmed spectacles, which are not the representative insignia of the working class. I have attended this kind of thing in my time and have never been more persuaded that revolution in the English Theatre is mainly the amusement of those who would be painfully surprised by revolution in fact.

But Left Theatres, like movements, spring eternal, and yet another (G.H.Q., 49 Sharp's Lane, Ruislip) appeals for English plays which will mirror "a civilisation founded on the struggle of classes and the oppression of whole races." Curiously enough this society proposes "a competition" in such work (the reward to be the production of the play). The captious critic might suggest that competition was a bourgeois method of procedure. Does not the New Psychology forbid the horrid spirit of contention in the study as in the classroom? However, I hope that the end will justify the means and that good plays emerge. Why should they not? If the essence of drama is conflict, the day's news offers abundant material. But, however good the plays which they discover or evoke, the major problem remains, that is to find an audience. I cannot see much point in acting these plays to small Sabbatical assemblies of the same young bourgeois beards and spectacles whose owners either see the point of the propaganda already or see the point of nothing but their own importance.

The last Left Theatre of which I heard was producing plays in a house in the Finchley Road, a district not notoriously proletarian. It is surely useless to go on with that kind of thing which can only reach tiny coteries of the already converted bourgeois and wastes the money and the time of the well-intentioned rebels. The sensible course is to begin at the other end and find out whether there is any working-class district where there are premises licensed for the public performance of stage-plays, and whether, that being so, there are any inhabitants who will pay a shilling a head to attend the proletarian drama instead of "the pictures." The latter point can only be established by experiment, but I should have thought that Town Halls, controlled by Labour Councils, might be available. The stage equipment would be inadequate to the demands of exacting producers, but for years the Lena Ashwell Players and the Greater London Players managed to make do with this kind of lodging and have, to my experience, achieved some remarkably good, if bourgeois, work. Recently there was a most sensible effort to go beyond the dead-end of the West End Sunday night, and several performances of an effective pacifist play were given in the large halls of working-class districts. The example was valuable; but how did the balance sheet appear? I suppose private subsidy is inevitable, since a public one is unthinkable for any kind of drama in a country whose governing class still view the theatre as the bear-pit's younger cousin, fit only to be taxed and censored.

I respectfully inquire of the Left Theatre what it proposes to do in the event of their competition evoking a series of plays considered worthy of production for the cause. More of this Sunday night business in the West End, or play-acting in Hampstead drawing-rooms, is simply futile if propaganda is the object. The task of making the British working man theatre-minded is considerable in itself; to coax him into paying for propaganda plays is even larger. If anybody really proposes to attempt that, I lift my hat to his audacity. If he merely suggests more Left-wing charades for middle-class Communists the whole business seems to me a total waste of time. It is no use complaining that West Ham will not go to the theatre until you have taken the theatre to West Ham.



There is the additional trouble that the British proletarian when entering a house of amusement (as he deems it) has no wish to be reminded of his economic status and scolded for his servility. Like the rich, he wants a cheery show. The propaganda play, whatever its merits, is rarely that. Perhaps the best method of Left-wing attack is through the cinema, for the English workers are now picture-minded and the film is a far easier piece of luggage for the social gospeller than a cry of players with all their bits and pieces. But there are difficulties here, if the Home Office intends, as is threatened, to veto the use of "non-flam" films in unlicensed premises. Public licensed cinemas are now in use seven nights a week in London and many other towns; if the use of "non-flam" material is forbidden in schools and halls (presumably because to the Home Office it is mentally "flam") the propaganda movie appears to be "all dressed up and no place to go."

IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Worse Things Happen at Sea," at the Royalty

But hardly in the theatre. For even a farce should be eventually a comment on some aspect of human behaviour, and requires some slight intellectual basis. This farce has nothing so substantial even as a plot. We have known many writers, indeed too many, but none remotely resembling the young man who is the butt of this satire. Indeed we think he represents merely a schoolboy's idea of what a writer might be like. Mr. Keith Winter was an infant prodigy, for he wrote when still at Oxford a novel remarkably above the average. Can it be that he wrote this play at his prep. school? There are several amusing lines in it, and quite a number which seem amusing owing to the virtuosity of Miss Arnaud. But the first act is dull, the second act is duller, and the third act, for all we know, may be a masterpiece—the patience even of those modern Griseldas, the dramatic critics, has a limit. There are indeed plays almost as silly as this one put on in the West End every other week; and the chief reason for mentioning *Worse Things Happen at Sea* is that another play by the same author was produced a fortnight previously. This was called *The Ringmaster;* it was withdrawn after a week; and it was an excellent entertainment, with a whale of a part for Mr. Lawrence Olivier, who gave a dazzling performance. The audience was enthusiastic and we believe that given another week or so it might have been turned into a success. Its disappearance is one more charge against the financiers who have reduced the contemporary theatre to its present lamentable state.

"Henry IV," Part II, at the Old Vic

Those who have seen the production of Part I at His Majesty's should go to the Part II at the Old Vic, for it is not often that we have the chance of seeing both parts together in London. The absence of a really good Falstaff in either production robs the experience of much of its value, and yet one can get a good deal of pleasure out of the Old Vic performance. First, the faults. This is, rather surprisingly, Mr. Cass's least successful production of the season; too many of the scenes are twilit, several actors are miscast (Mr. Abraham Sofaer as the King), not nearly enough is made of the final meeting between Falstaff and the young king. Mr. George Merritt as Falstaff has an unwieldy dignity and an individuality which improves as the evening goes on; he is a satisfactory if not exciting figure. The comedy goes admirably: Doll Tearsheet (Miss Vivienne Bennett), Mistress Quickly (Miss Buena Bent) and Shallow (Mr. Morland Graham) are all excellent. Perhaps the two justices are a little too much in the style of *The Barber of Seville*, but the farce is extremely funny.

Water-Colours by Paul Nash at the Redfern Gallery

The general impression made by this exhibition of fifty water-colour drawings and sketches by Paul Nash is of astonishment at the ease and distinction with which the artist combines an intellectual curiosity in his choice of subject with a particularly English lyrical response in his treatment of it, expressed through a traditional water-colour technique. Here are gathered Mr. Nash's notes on Nice and the Mediterranean coast, on New York seen from a yacht, on a Marseilles grotto restaurant—vaguely surréaliste this, in contrast to the more formal design of "Sun Deck" on a liner. And of course two themes which may be called not impertinently "Copyright Nash"; the nostalgic fascination of breaking sea on an expanse of coast, and the bold structures of English downs, haunted by shadows of earlier civilisations. Mr. Nash is inquisitively aware of the ideas and enthusiasms of the Nineteen-Thirties—some of his drawings will be loosely labelled as "abstract," others as "surréaliste." But while he experiments with obvious interest in modish themes, the result is never an exercise in a given mannerism, but always a personal reaction of the artist's. He is rarely tempted outside his own pale delightful range of colour, and the design is almost invariably geometric. The whole exhibition gives one a strong sense of the artist's imaginativeness and integrity.

Miss Alison Debenham at the Zwemmer Gallery

In Chinese thought the female element is held to be nearer the source of things than the male. Perhaps it is her Chinese tendencies (obvious in the exquisite delicacy of draughtsmanship and colour) that have given Miss Alison Debenham the courage of her femininity. At any rate the result, in her water-colours and temperas now being exhibited at the Zwemmer Gallery, is wholly happy. Here is the world from a female (as distinguished from a Woman's Page) point of view. There is no masculine effort, no obtrusive "strength" or striving in these airy, unphysical mountain scenes. Yet the sense of height and wonder, of a sun-permeated mistiness shredding to reveal ever-remoter planes of distance, is exhilarating as a May morning in the High Tyrol. In fact, this spring group is so tender, so light and ephemeral, that it is something of a shock to find in the vigorous definition of the stormy autumnal series a quite astonishing strength of construction. And, turning back, to discover it in the others too, slender yet efficient as the bracing of an aeroplane. Everywhere one notes the Oriental emphasis on pattern—but fused with, instead of opposed to, Occidental impressionism. The few figure pictures are warm-hearted yet shrewd, and *Children with Goldfish* has a touch of Bonnard about it. As to *Justin*, it gives a man a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of seeing his own kind through feminine eyes that are acutely penetrating yet kindly. Two of the best living English painters are women, Vanessa Bell and Frances Hodgkins: Miss Debenham also has now placed herself in the front rank, not of women-artists merely, but of artists. And may we congratulate her on the modesty of her prices? The patronage of art is ceasing to be a privilege reserved to the very rich.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 6th—
- Boat Race, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, London.
- Association Football, Scotland *v.* England, Glasgow.
- Flower Show, London Gardeners' Guild, Old Horticultural Hall.
- Kutcher String Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- B. Vivian Braun on "The Younger Generation's Point of View," City Literary Institute Film Society, 16 Goldsmith Street, 7.

SUNDAY, April 7th—
- Gerald Heard on "Neo-Quakerism," Conway Hall, 11.
- The Bach Choir, St. Matthew Passion, Queen's Hall, Part I, 11; Part II, 2.30.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- Griller String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Albert Hall, 3.
- "Basalik," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, April 8th—
- Camping Exhibition, Imperial Institute.
- "A Symposium on Sex Reform." Speeches by A. A. Burall, Stella Browne, and Aylmer Rose, Conway Hall, 8.
- London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, April 9th—
- Flower Show, British Carnation Society, Old Horticultural Hall.
- Lord Ponsonby on "Re-armament of Europe," Friends House, Euston Rd., 1.20.
- "And a Woman Passed By," Duke of York's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, April 10th—
- T. W. Hill on "War and the Sex Instinct," Essex Hall, Essex Street, 8.
- "Char-a-Bang," Vaudeville Theatre.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

THURSDAY, April 11th—
- "Justice," Playhouse Theatre.
- Dramatic Reading of his own Plays and Poems by Mr. Laurence Housman, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LAST Friday I started to play Bridge, when I ought to have been reading a book on Epidemiology, at nine o'clock in the morning. Though the decoration was bastard Tudor, I have never sat in more comfortable seats—I should explain that I was in a train which had left Euston at 8.15, and I had spent the first three quarters of an hour studying what *The Times* thought of Castle Irwell, Tapinois, Golden Miller and the rest. For I was going for the first time to the Grand National. It takes four and a half hours to get to Aintree, so I had collected to go with me three good Bridge-players, one of whom had deserved a half-Blue by playing for Oxford and defeating Cambridge. When I looked away from my cards to the window, it was to see a landscape which as we went northwards became increasingly devastated, a country infernal with slag-heaps and water-logged *terrains vagues*. (I know of no English word, unless it be Waste Lands, for those mysteriously unused patches of ground which you find round modern cities, strewn with tin cans, broken crockery and old boots.) Warrington and Wigan were frightening in their squalor—I no longer am surprised that even in their more prosperous days the death-rate was so much higher there than among the more indigent population of a southern town like Reading. Indeed, South Lancashire as seen from the train is an offence against Nature, which seems to call to Heaven for a purifying deluge to raise its waters above the highest chimneys, and one imagines the sun shining again through transparent air upon great lakes with wild duck and bittern flying over them. Decanted at Aintree, we made our way to the course through a yelling mob of men and women selling race-cards, primroses and Salvation. The dregs of the Liverpool slums had seeped here to gain a few pennies, and hardly even in Marseilles or Alexandria have I seen creatures more hideous and brutal with poverty and disease. In fact, I arrived at the races groaning like Jeremiah.

* * *

I am so unsporting as to think that racing (like golf) is a rite which demands a setting of natural beauty. Gasometers can have a certain *allure*, but they don't mix well with links or paddocks. The Aintree course is overlooked by factories, villas, and railway-sidings, the horizon is broken by the monstrous silhouette of what appears to be a Victorian Town Hall. It may have been the setting, it may have been the prevalence of people from the Midlands and the North, but the public at the Grand National struck me as noticeably less good-natured than the crowd, say, at Epsom. If Fascism arrived, I found myself thinking, here it could find its bravoes. But then the sun broke through; a watery light silvered the scene; the bookies and the tipsters and the tight-packed crowd became models no longer for Grosz, but for Hogarth and Rowlandson. The favourite won the first race: there was no doubt of it, this was a beano. "I'll win yer a hundred," shouted a hoarse throat under the largest nose I have ever seen, "Give yer my written guarantee!" and another tipster, after reciting the names of Lord Lonsdale and of all the horses he had ridden to victory, promised for a shilling the winner's name. If not, "I hope I never leave this ground alive—there's a wicked oath to take." High above there was an aeroplane with streamers, "The Day's Best Double—Johnny Walker," and another with the enigmatic legend, "Littlewood Above All." "Look, Littlewood!" a man next me said; and when I asked him what Littlewood was, I got the most astonished, contemptuous, angry look I have ever seen outside a Bateman drawing. I had proclaimed an unforgivable ignorance, and alas! I still am ignorant, for in alarm I quickly escaped towards the tote where I backed for the West Derby Stakes two outsiders, Hokey-Pokey and Pametta, because they were ridden by Gordon Richards and Donoghue. Then came the always thrilling yell "They're off!" and the even more thrilling hush which follows, when the bookies give their throats a rest, and the horses are still out of sight—the only silence you get on a racecourse. And then the horses passed me, the two which I had backed, by themselves, lengths behind.

* * *

There was three quarters of an hour now before the Grand National, during which we saw a March hare and the Prince of Wales: the hare, surrounded on three sides with people, dodged its way out of sight up the course. I had again backed two outsiders, believing that luck plays a larger part in the Grand National than in most races. In the preliminary parade I carefully noticed their colours, blue with a yellow belt, and straw with pale blue sleeves. At the first fence several horses came croppers, and how staggering it was to see the favourite's jockey come off at the fence after Valentine's Brook. Watching horse after horse crash, and those following avoid by a succession of miracles landing on the sprawling jockeys, I heard myself making that quick intake of breath which marks acute excitement. But I watched this the next afternoon in London—at Aintree the only steeple I could see well was the Chair Fence, where no horse fell. In fact, the Grand National, I discovered, is an impossible race to see properly (except from aeroplanes, eight of which were following the horses), for the more spectacular jumps are a mile or more from the post, so that you must take your choice between spills and the finish. And I had got myself into an enclosure not far from the post, where no choice was possible. But I got my thrill. I could see the horses coming up the second time round, two of them taking the last fence side by side, and then one of them drew forward, and the jockey's colours—or did my eyes delude me?—were straw with blue sleeves. Reynoldstown had won, and I had picked him. "But why?" I was asked by my envious friends as I waited in the queue to collect my winnings. I was too proud of my acumen to answer except with a knowing look; or rather too ashamed of my superstition. You see, Reynoldstown had sounded to me like the name of one of those Irish country houses, porticoed relics of the Eighteenth Century Pale. I had remembered Edgeworthstown, the home of my favourite autobiographer, Maria Edgeworth's father. I also remembered a fantastic and fascinating evening I had spent with racing people in a great Northanger Abbey of an Irish house, also with a name ending in "town." Reynoldstown, therefore, seemed an apt name for a great steeplechaser. No reason, in fact, for backing a horse could be more foolish.

* * *

It was a book, too, which put it into my head to make this expedition, "*National Velvet*" *or The Slaughterer's Daughter*, by Enid Bagnold (Heinemann, 7*s*. 6*d*.). This is the story of a girl of fourteen with a passion for horses who obtains in a shilling raffle a piebald gelding, with which she wins the Grand National, owner up. This super-daydream is the skeleton of the book, its flesh is enormously English humour about children, animals and the lower middle classes. I cannot imagine a more repulsive recipe for a novel—and the result is one of the jolliest, raciest, books I have read in years. Miss Bagnold, except in one or two purplish passages, is entirely unsentimental. What amuses her in children is not their naiveté (see *Punch* each week), but their slyness, their egotism, their terrifying determination. To use the word "Dickensian" about Miss Bagnold would be misleading, for she is not a poet; she always remains in complete control of her characters; and she never lapses into caricature—the trouble is that I don't know how to suggest a mint-sauce and crisp Yorkshire pudding atmosphere, which is conveyed without a hint of offensive heartiness. The fact that books and pictures and musical compositions have to be classified as high and middle and low brow is profoundly depressing. It is therefore with something like a whoop that I recommend "*National Velvet*" as a novel calculated to sell by the ton, and at the same time likely to be gobbled up by the most fastidious. And the illustrations by the author's thirteen-year-old daughter are as brilliant as the book itself.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

Goodbye to the Past. By W. R. BURNETT. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Come and Get It. By EDNA FERBER. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Wagon Ruts. By LOUIS DODGE. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.
The Stars Look Down. By A. J. CRONIN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
Everything is Thunder. By J. L. HARDY. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
These Four Shall Die. By F. W. LISTER. *Muller.* 7s. 6d.

Is envy the ruling human passion? There is no doubt that a distrust of our own qualities, such as they are, and a profound, albeit a slightly grudging, respect for the qualities of others, such as we imagine them to be, play a large part in the composition of most human minds. Self-distrust is particularly prevalent among novelists. From time to time, every story-teller imagines that it is his duty to attack a theme for which he is suited neither by training nor by natural aptitude; and thus it is that we enjoy the spectacle of the rugged provincial epic-maker setting out to write a story of cocktails, divorces and urban gossip, in the volatile vein of the author of *Decline and Fall*, and of the elegant miniaturist who yearns for "something really big." The result is usually a trifle unfortunate; and, although Mr. W. R. Burnett is so accomplished a story-teller that everything he produces is worth reading, I cannot help feeling sorry that he should have laid aside the less ambitious, but much more satisfactory, method of his earlier books.

For *Goodbye to the Past* lacks the admirable concision of *Little Caesar*, *Iron Man*, and his penultimate story, *Dark Hazard*. In each of these narratives Mr. Burnett presented a straightforward portrait of a rudimentary, yet extremely interesting, human character. *Little Caesar*, modelled on the life of Al Capone, was the tale of a sneak-thief who rises to the leadership of an important Chicago gang; *Iron Man* dealt with the career of a thick-skulled, slow-witted American pugilist, a modern Samson cheated by his wife; and *Dark Hazard* introduced us to a follower of the dog races. Each book was a brilliant piece of reporting. Mr. Burnett's characters did not emerge in very high relief; but every detail was clear-cut; every episode seemed to have found its proper place; and we had no feeling of waste or superfluity. If *Goodbye to the Past* strikes one, at the first glance, as a work considerably more chaotic than any of its predecessors, this, I imagine, is because the whole conception of the book is planned on a far more ambitious scale. His early novels had a literary value in spite of themselves; they were magnificent journalism, and they achieved a literary merit for the simple reason that, in the last resort, to write expressively is always to write carefully, and that the literary form gives greater scope than the journalistic. Mr. Burnett was that pleasant thing—a natural writer; his effects were never posed and never strained.

His new novel, one must admit, is a little cumbrous. "Life," runs a quotation on the title page, "can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards." And having described an old man on his death-bed—old Bill Meadows, a rich and respected burgess of Midland City, known to have been "a hellion in his day"—Mr. Burnett skims back through the scenes of his life. In the final episode, he is a boy of seventeen, a young soldier, celebrating with his companions the news of General Lee's surrender. Previous episodes have shown him fighting against the Apache Indians, making his pile at a mining-camp, and revisiting his native town, a gaunt, self-confident, red-moustachioed young man, clad in the swaggering fashions of the Wild West. He marries the prudish daughter of a bibulous judge; Bill is by no means a faithful husband; the marriage is not happy; and the son whom he begets—prosperity in the second generation—himself begets a vague and harmless dilettante. Blair has dim hankerings after Montparnasse; he is a thousand miles from the violent and terrible Old Man.

Such criticisms as I have aimed at *Goodbye to the Past* apply to the book as a whole rather than to the quality of individual chapters. Separate scenes are often extraordinarily good. Mr. Burnett writes well—especially when he writes of racing, gambling or fighting—and, though his last book is a less remarkable production than *Little Caesar* or *Iron Man*, its merits are considerably above the average. Miss Ferber gives us just what we expect. *Come and Get It*, like *Goodbye to the Past*, investigates the obscure origins of a great American fortune; but, while Mr. Burnett ends on a note of futility—Blair making tracks for the artificial freedom of bohemian-expatriate life abroad—Miss Ferber concludes with a more strenuous flourish. Yet, whereas Blair is convincing, Bard and Dina, who rediscover the beauties of "real" American life, after having been dragged by their snobbish mother, Mrs. Glasgow, through half the capitals of Europe, remain patriotic lay figures. And infinitely more absorbing than the story of how Mrs. Glasgow's insufferable twins are converted to the simplicity and splendour of the Wisconsin woods, is the story of Lotta Glasgow's early life—of how she beguiled her doting benefactor, grasped at his millions and, when he was dead, married his son.

The early chapters of *Come and Get It* are much the best. Lotta's grandmother had been a prostitute; her mother and herself are waitresses at a cheap hotel. A lumberjack millionaire, who had known her grandfather, proves easy game. She marries money, is snubbed by the provincial grandees of Butte des Morts, visits Paris—her mother demands ketchup when they dine at Foyot's—acquires sophistication, and eventually ascends to a house in Belgrave Square, where she gives parties that are attended by members of the English royal family. From these London triumphs she is dragged home by the slump. . . . But at this point, sentimentality begins to creep in; and a sensible reader will stop short at page 460. Mr. Dodge, too, has experienced the fascination of recent American history. *Wagon Ruts* will delight film-goers who enjoyed *The Covered Wagon* and *Wagon Wheels*, for it draws an exciting picture of the long journey across the plains. The book is good cinema, if not good fiction. It is vivid, racy and dramatic, if a little crude.

Three "epics" should surely be enough; but, alas, this week there is no escaping from novels cast in the heroic patriarchal mould; and *The Stars Look Down* presents a panoramic view of several families, both before and after the great war, whose lives are centred round a northern coal-mine. The story begins with an impressive glimpse of a pre-war strike; when it ends, David, after many vicissitudes, which include a brief and bitter taste of Labour politics, has returned like his father and grandfather to the mine. . . . This is a story that suits Dr. Cronin much better than the type of romantic story-telling that he essayed, with such unfortunate results, in *Grand Canary*. For those who like their fiction argumentative, solid and thoughtful, and are not greatly concerned with the *nuances* of literary art, here is a book that will provide just the fare they need. It is a very long novel, and crowded with characters. The effect may be slightly wooden; but the attempt was honest.

Everything is Thunder and *These Four Shall Die* are both of them thrillers. *Everything is Thunder*—the more exciting of the two—relates the adventures of an Englishman who escapes from a German prison camp, at the cost of being obliged to murder one of his guards. He reaches Berlin and there takes refuge in the flat of a charming little prostitute whom he meets in the station. She discovers his identity; but, since she loves him, continues to give him shelter. Finally, he succeeds in escaping into Holland; but the girl loses her life. The novelist, it should be added, was himself a celebrated escaper during the war; and the description of his hero's experiences is unusually good. . . . *These Four Shall Die* is an historical novel. The four protagonists are four legionaries who make up the rear-guard of a Roman legion campaigning against the Picts beyond Hadrian's Wall; and the horrors of Scotland, seen through classical eyes, are acutely rendered. The account of the Wall itself and its frontier garrison is written with a great deal of expert knowledge.

PETER QUENNELL

WHOM SHOULD ONE MARRY?

The Choice of a Mate. By ANTHONY LUDOVICI. *Lane.* 15s.

Before passing any judgment on this modern guide-book to the roads which lead to matrimony, it will be fairest to quote certain passages from the preface, which make it clear what Mr. Ludovici's aims and methods of inquiry are to be.

> My aim, he says, has been to supply authoritative information and guidance. So much that is mere conjecture has been written on the sex question, and so much of the popular literature on my present subject has nothing but the whimsicality and imagination of its authors to recommend it, that I thought it worth while to try to prepare for the reading public a book on human mating, which, if not wholly supported by science, is at least based, wherever science fails, on the authority of the best human traditions.

Again he says:

> And if in my inquiries I have regarded as certain and conclusive only those scientific findings which the best human traditions confirm, it is because, without this check on science, its most trustful devotee may later on find its conclusions reversed by the successors of the present generation of scientists.

February Hill

a novel by Victoria Lincoln

★ *The Book Guild Choice* ★

'Brilliantly done—diverting and picaresque is the story that she is privileged to unfold.'—Peter Quennell: *New Statesman.* 'There are all the seasons of the human heart, as well as of nature . . . the most lovable person I have met in a book for a very long time. Altogether a most recommendable novel.'—*Sunday Times.* 'Written with wit and snap.'—*The Observer.* 7/6

A Parson's Daughter

by Muriel Parsloe

There is a special fascination about Odd Fish. Between the author's girlhood in a parsonage and her position at the end of the book as one of the few women gamekeepers in the country, lie a thousand escapades and adventures. Nobody has ever had a better way with horses. Stock farming took her to Ireland disguised as a boy, and circumstances were responsible for periods in Australia and Canada. An unusual book of inexhaustible variety. 8/6

Young Men in the Arctic

by A. R. Glen

This is the story of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition which spent over three months in Northern Spitsbergen—a district almost entirely unknown. Mr. Glen was the leader and there were seventeen other members, all of whom were young. They achieved work of scientific importance and also had a highly amusing time. This light-hearted account gives a most interesting picture of life on an Arctic Expedition. *With* 53 *illustrations.* 15/-

Africa Dances

by Geoffrey Gorer

Book Society Recommendation

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And finally there is this :

> As usual in my work, my inclination has been always to adopt an attitude of reverence towards those customs and judgments of mankind which hail from civilisations that have flourished and endured conspicuously, and to approach with suspicion and scepticism everything that hails from civilisations which have been notably ephemeral or inferior, or from any period of superior civilisation which has been characterised by decline and disintegration.

These extracts make it clear, I think, that Mr. Ludovici considers himself to be a humanist as well as a scientist, and that any conclusions he may reach are intended to be the result of common sense, and the traditions of civilised or so-called civilised communities. This, of course, is all that it should be. The choice of a mate, at all events the choice of a human mate, is still some way from being a matter for the scientist alone. And the traditions of civilised peoples, not to speak of the impulses of the human individual, must obviously play an important part in the business. Let us see how it all works out.

In the first place, it is important to note that Mr. Ludovici has very strong opinions. He is an aristocrat and wishes to breed aristocrats. This leads him to a detestation of the Greek and Christian traditions, which plays a very important part in his book. His objections crystallise themselves around the figure of Socrates. The Greeks in any case, he says, were male homosexuals. That was bad enough. But Socrates went further, and, by daring to suggest that a fine mind could exist within an ugly body, he introduced that first decrying of bodily beauty which in its Christian form has been the ruin not only of healthy sensuality but also of all physical excellence.

Nor do Mr. Ludovici's strong opinions stop there. He is equally convinced about the necessity for early marriages. According to him a girl should marry at sixteen, and if she can be fifteen at the time, so much the better for her. Her husband should be ten years older.

But all these opinions are mild in comparison with the strength of Mr. Ludovici's conviction of the desirability of incest. In-breeding and in-breeding alone will produce those fine races of men and women that he wants. Now this is the most interesting and the best argued part of Mr. Ludovici's book, and it is clear that his views on this point—views which he has long held—are very dear to him. He has sought for confirmation everywhere. He quotes from stud-books and professors of genetics ; he instances the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Persians, and the Incas of Peru ; he even calls Plato and the Bible to his aid, though elsewhere he considers their evidence of no importance.

On the rightness or wrongness of some of these opinions it is not for me, and I doubt whether it is for anyone, to speak with much certainty. The arguments in favour of the consanguineous mating of animals is certainly very strong. It is true that beauty and fitness are desirable for their own sake. And I dare say that many young girls could marry at fifteen and be all the better for it. It was once the custom, and now it is not.

What is surprising is how Mr. Ludovici can feel so assured that what he calls " the best human traditions " are always on his side. They seem to me to be at variance, and if anything more against him than in his favour. Of course, it is possible to argue about what " the best human traditions " are, and to decide in favour of those which bear one out. But short of that, they seem to me to be divided on most points, and very strongly opposed to him on the one which lies closest to his heart.

But perhaps it is unfair to stress this point too far. *The Choice of a Mate* is not a strictly scientific work, nor could it possibly be so. On the other hand, the amount of out of the way information it contains is often fascinating. Mr. Ludovici has read enormously in his subject. He has collected information from everywhere. And he writes with a vivacious and good-humoured pugnacity which is often attractive and always prevents him from being dull.

Moreover, it is curious that, while books on marriage are innumerable, books on the choice of a mate are very rare. Indeed, the only two that I can think of off-hand, which represent the European tradition to perfection, and which Mr. Ludovici does not seem to have consulted, are Burton's *Anatomy* and Cobbett's *Advice to Young Men*. That he has not consulted the latter is surprising. It contains some excellent advice on the choice of a mate, and Mr. Ludovici would like Cobbett. He has the same downright masculine " good sense," the same pugnacity, and the same assurance that, when he believes a thing strongly, the whole consensus of civilised opinion must be behind him. But there is a difference. Cobbett was born at a time when he saw no need to consider himself a scientist, as well as a man of sense.

RALPH WRIGHT

Furmanov was a 'Kibitzer'

(meaning a person who volunteers advice which is not welcome—see p. 457 of last week's *New Statesman*) when he first met Chapayev. He was political adviser but, as Quiet Flows the Don Sholokhov says, the book he wrote about him, " is one of the few books about the Civil War which shows truthfully how the working class in our country solved the problem of the leadership of the peasantry. Moreover, Furmanov relates true historical facts with great artistic skill by the creation of vivid and fiery types." And what types ! " What a set ! Every face unique, worthy of an epic poem. No two fellows alike among the whole crowd, and yet they all dovetailed together perfectly, like a piece of masonry. Theirs was a rocklike unity. They formed one common family, and what a glorious family it was ! " Son of a gipsy actor by the daughter of a Governor of Kazan, Chapayev, " more than anybody else, was the epitome of those he led—of the raw heroic mass of guerilla fighters ; he embodied in himself all the irrepressible and spontaneous feelings of rage and protest that had accumulated in the hearts of the peasants." *Chapayev* is 7*s*. 6*d*.—it has, though advertised very little and reviewed adequately only in *The Spectator*, sold out its first edition and has been reprinted. You will find it, with Storm Jameson, " a very unusual book and of extraordinary interest from more than one point of view."

Of our other new books *Fascism : Make or Break ?* (R. Braun, 2*s*. 6*d*.) is a closely argued study of Germany since the June days, especially interesting because of its argument that Fascism develops from the operations of Finance Oligarchy—Montagu Norman's reputed support of Nazism will be recalled as one reads. This book also shows how the workers have been treated.

International Literature No. 6 has just been released. Better than usual we think. The three articles by Lenin on Tolstoi, Marxist literary criticism, are especially relevant to Raymond Mortimer's reflections on Mirski's book. And we wish that anybody who was confused by that article would read *Anti-Dühring* and the *Marx Engels Correspondence*.

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RELIGION AND ETHICS

Practical Ethics. By SIR HERBERT SAMUEL. *Thornton Butterworth*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Antichrist. By JOSEPH ROTH. *Heinemann*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Creed of Kinship. By H. S. SALT. *Constable*. 5*s*.

The Future Life. By F. A. M. SPENCER. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Religion of the Open Mind. By A. GOWANS WHYTE. *Watts*. 1*s*.

The Social Record of Christianity. By JOSEPH MCCABE. *Watts*. 1*s*.

Letters on Reasoning. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. *Watts, Thinkers Library*. 1*s*.

The position of religion in this country continues to be peculiar. The churches empty, recruits for the ministry, as Mr. Gowans Whyte is delighted to record, fall off, Sunday school scholars melt away, doctrinal disputes fill the ecclesiastical air, while the modern churchman is so incommoded by the miraculous, so shy of the supernatural, that his doctrine may be accepted by anybody with a little faith who is anxious to retain a little morals. Yet even this acceptance presents difficulty, since science has eroded faith and psycho-analysis has debunked morals. That is one side of the picture ; but there is another. The modern generation, its representatives assure us, is passionately anxious for a creed to live by and a faith to follow. It insists that its life be given point and purpose, and its demands for an object of veneration are so ineradicable that, as rationalists are finding to their cost, when it is deprived of its God in Heaven, it insists on filling the vacuum by making gods for itself on earth. " Hitler is lonely ; so is God ; Hitler is like God." The syllogism evinces a need, rather than proves a conclusion. As under the ministrations of science the God in Heaven above grows vaguer, a clear-cut figure, complete with rain-coat and moustache, advances to take his place. The need to worship is matched by the longing to follow. The modern world, it has been frequently pointed out, is full of potential followers. Followers to what ? The answer embodies the great

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ethical discovery of our time. Let a man arise and cry: "I promise you power and riches, fame, comfort and the approval of your fellows," and only Jews and Socialists answer. But let him arise and cry: "I promise you suffering and danger, hardship and poverty, public obloquy and private obscurity, all of which you must bear for the sake of our glorious cause," and a nation's youth flocks to his standard. Meanwhile the public interest in religion and ethics continues unabated. Publishers' and librarians' figures show that theology still ranks after fiction as the most popular subject, while books telling us how we ought to live and what we ought to believe continue to pour from the press. Here are seven of them, a selection from a round dozen.

Sir Herbert Samuel has contributed a new volume to the Home University Series called *Practical Ethics*. A good book this, eminently sane and sensible, suffused with the cool dry light of a reasonable common sense. Its precepts are not difficult, yet, if everybody were to follow them, the world would be in a fair way to salvation. Sir Herbert is a Utilitarian who judges of the rightness of actions by their consequences. Intuitionist ethics, which lays down that so-and-so is right, because the categorical imperative prescribes it, or because God approves of it, or more simply, because I intuitively see it to be so, he unhesitatingly rejects. Human beings have intuitively seen too many things to be right to give us any confidence in their intuitions, nor when one generation prescribes as a sacred duty—for example, killing by order of the State people whom you have never seen—what another denounces as a hideous crime, does there seem to be any way of judging between them except by reference to their respective effects upon the welfare of mankind?

What effects, then, are valuable? Sir Herbert has already answered "the welfare of peoples"; but this he identifies not with some general term, like Good, Duty, or Happiness, but with a series of particular goods adapted to particular circumstances and occasions; "Health rather than sickness, a meal when one is hungry, a rest when one is tired, a shelter from inclement weather . . . pleasures such as viewing splendid scenery or beautiful sunsets. There are the many gifts of art and of science, the many achievements of a high civilisation. It is not possible to bring all these into a single definition of 'the Good.'"

For the rest, Sir Herbert is a determinist, holding that our characters are the result of past actions, training, environment, and heredity, and a democrat, who denounces the Hegelian notion of the State, yet stresses the organic nature of the community. There is and can be no individual good apart from society, and the acts which chiefly benefit the self are almost always such as will bring good to others. On the other hand when we act solely with a view to our own advantage, it is hardly ever that we advantage ourselves. As a consequence, Sir Herbert prescribes for every individual the practical obligation of taking part in the affairs of society and assisting in the formation of its public opinion. Here we shall most of us be in agreement. But what if a man's society gives him no opportunity to take part? Will he not in the long run repudiate a duty which he has no chance of performing, or insist on disrupting a system which does not permit the practice of those civic obligations which Sir Herbert rightly identifies with civic virtue?

There is a Greek flavour about this book. Ethics and politics cannot be divorced; the individual can only realise his full nature in civic life and social duty. The sentiments are familiar. Where did we hear them last? When we were reading our Plato and our Aristotle. Sir Herbert's thought is none the worse for its origins; in fact, it is all the better. But one cannot help wondering whether the message of this sane and temperate book is likely to make itself heard amid the shouting voices of the age. The modern world likes its morals as well as its shirts highly coloured, and I am a little afraid that Sir Herbert may be too drab for its taste.

Not so, however, Mr. Joseph Roth, who writes to announce the coming of Antichrist. Antichrist comes, apparently, in very odd guises. "But I know him," says Mr. Roth. "I see his intention when in the east of this declining continent" (presumably America) "he proclaims the emancipation of the workers and the ennoblement of work." As one reads, it becomes obvious that Antichrist is simply a grand name for whatever Mr. Roth happens to dislike—Fascism and Communism, the press and the cinema, the modern use of gold, the modern spate of inventions. With unfaltering perspicacity Mr. Roth unmasks the aliases of Antichrist; ruthlessly he drags him into the light; dreadfully, "by the standards of the Bible—and eternity" he denounces and condemns. An odd, silly book! The oddest thing about it is that Einstein should have been found to praise it.

Mr. Salt has written a defence of "cranks." Since "crankism" apparently includes all or most of the propositions in which most intelligent persons now believe—as, for example, that our civilisation is only embryonic, that the basis of morality is "Kinship between all living things," that extremes of wealth and poverty should be abolished, that freedom of thought is important, and war squalid—I, for one, am all for the defence. The book consists largely of noble sentiments which one can yet read without nausea. This is a testimony to Mr. Salt's writing. Admittedly he does not indicate how the sentiments can be translated into practice; but there is always a case for the statement of ideals *tout court*. It will be long yet before the practice of the world squares with its professions; but the first step is for its professions to condemn its practice.

Dr. Spencer has written a scholarly and comprehensive study of immortality. He examines the Jewish conception of a future life as a collective bodily reincarnation, shows how this conception remained for hundreds of years the doctrine of orthodox Christianity, and proceeds to consider how far it offers a reasonable creed for the modern man in the light of the various alternatives in the field. Does the individual survive without his body, or is he perhaps absorbed into a universal stream of life, so that, although something of him survives, his individuality is lost? Are Heaven and Hell places or symbols, and what is the fate of those who die unsaved? And, speaking of symbols, may it not be that the whole concept of the Resurrection is a symbolic representation of a truth which the mind of man is as yet unable to apprehend? Dr. Spencer considers these questions fairly and competently in the light of theories of immortality and metempsychosis, both ancient and modern. He also takes into account the evidence derived from psychical research. His own conclusion I take to be the orthodox Christian one; but I am so completely unable to say what this is, that I give it in Dr. Spencer's own words: "Thus the Resurrection of Christ gives the solution of the problem of the future life, both in theory and in reality. The Risen Christ manifests the heavenly life attained at death by those who have lived as children of God. He also manifests the glorification of the body and the bodily reunion of the individual with the society of the sanctified on earth. . . . We live in Him, being

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JOHN MURRAY

also members of the humanity of which He is the Saviour, and in that humanity perfected with eternal life in Him, we shall be perfected." Now what precisely does that mean?

The one possibility that Dr. Spencer does not seriously envisage is that the soul is in no sense immortal, that nothing survives. Two newly added volumes to the Thinkers' Library repair the omission. Mr. Gowans Whyte, who writes admirably in praise of the open mind, is fortunate in being able to think that, taking Western man as a whole, it is still opening. It is, he holds, science rather than theology or philosophy that is responsible for the process. Under the influence of science the churches have been forced, and will be forced increasingly, to jettison doctrines which there is no reason to think true. How will they supply their place? By cultivating a liberal and enlightened humanitarianism, and taking an increasingly active part in politics and social affairs. If the present secularisation of religion continues, Mr. Gowans Whyte looks forward to a time when "the clergyman will be an expert in life, a trained observer and commentator, a guardian of the real eternal verities in a world too busy with the superficial and the every-day to keep them clearly in mind."

If Mr. McCabe's record of the Churches' past is to be trusted, the change would be wholly for the good. *The Social Record of Christianity* is represented as one of persistent and disinterested opposition to every movement that has contributed to the increase of man's happiness or the improvement of his lot. The abolition of the slave trade, the abolition of torture, the education of the masses, the granting of free speech and free discussion, the use of anaesthetics—all these at one time or another have been persistently opposed by the Churches. It is a black record. I am not sure that Mr. McCabe does not make it blacker than it need be by fathering upon the Churches the responsibility for the misdeeds of governments. It is not so much that the Churches have sinned, as that, when governments have sinned, the Churches have raised no voice in protest. But that they should not have done so is in all conscience enough.

The best of these admirable Thinkers' Library books is the new abridged edition of J. M. Robertson's *Letters on Reason*. Originally published at the beginning of the century, its argument wears to-day a somewhat old-fashioned air. Robertson really believed that you could change men's minds by reasoning, that, if a proposition were true and you were to reason well enough, cogently enough, and persuasively enough, on its behalf, you could convince other people that it was true too. And so you can. . . . The generation now coming to maturity distrusts reason. I know of no book better calculated to convince them of the truth of its thesis by the excellence of its example. C. E. M. JOAD

SIR CHARLES ELIOT

Japanese Buddhism. By SIR CHARLES ELIOT. *Arnold.* 42*s.*

This book is complementary to the same author's monumental work, *Hinduism and Buddhism*, which appeared in 1921. Sir Charles Eliot died in 1931, having completed *Japanese Buddhism*, save for the last chapter, which has now been supplied by Mr. G. B. Sansom. The whole work has been seen through the press by Sir Harold Parlett, who has also written a prefatory memoir. Sir Charles, it will be remembered, closed a very varied, partly diplomatic, partly academic, career by holding the post of British Ambassador in Tokyo. He retired in 1926, and this book was one of the products of his leisure. Few human beings can ever have had so vast a capacity for acquiring information; but to this he added the rarer capacity of knowing unerringly what information was worth acquiring. He suffered, as Sir Harold Parlett points out, from certain temperamental limitations; he had, for example, no aesthetic sense whatever. The defect is not in itself an unusual one. What was unusual in Sir Charles was that he knew the beautiful bored him, and he cut the pursuit of it out of his life relentlessly and completely. This led not merely to the unique situation of a life-long Oriental traveller who did not possess one farthing's worth of bric-à-brac, but also (which here concerns us more) to the writing of sensible, level-headed books which from start to finish do not contain a single paragraph of "fine writing," let alone so much as the hint of a purple passage. He had, indeed, and perhaps this was his only passion, a passionate dislike of over-emphasis. His jokes, perfectly recognisable as such in conversation, are indeed often executed in his writings with so soft a pedal as to elude all but the most initiated. I remember his saying, as a grim comment on the perversity of human nature, that the Ajivakas (who held that the object of life should be to get through it as pleasantly as possible) were the one Indian sect that never obtained more than a handful of followers. Here, on p. 53, he says that "the Ajivakas disappeared after a short existence, because even in India, which is very tolerant in such matters, their doctrines were considered fantastic." But neither in this passage nor elsewhere does he give the reader any hint as to the direction in which the folly of the Ajivakas lay.

Half of the book deals with the history of Buddhism in general, and is a useful summary of research up to a few years ago. The Japanese chapters strike anyone with a knowledge of the technical literature on the subject which exists in Japanese as rather elementary. Japanese was one of the very few languages which Sir Charles did not know; he came upon it too late in life. Probably if he had embarked upon learning it in his last years we should not have had this book, which would have been a pity. For it is, in its attitude towards eastern thought, detached without being patronising, scholarly yet not pedantic, and these are rare qualities. ARTHUR WALEY

WAYSIDE REMEDIES

The Physick Garden. By EDITH GREY WHEELWRIGHT. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Besides the common stinging nettle, *Urticaria dioica*, there are two other species in England. One of these, which possesses a more potent sting, used to flourish in the streets of Romney in Kent, originally imported by Julius Caesar's legionaries, "who sowed the seede there for their use, to rub and chafe their limbs, when through extreme cold they should be stiffe and benumbed: being told before they came from home that the climate of Britain was so extreme cold that it was not to be endured without some friction or rubbing to warm their bloode and to stirre up natural heat."

The pages of *The Physick Garden* bristle with similar extracts. But these are only the decorations overlying the solid structure of the book itself. Despite its modest title, the volume is actually a complete history of the use of medicinal plants from the earliest times to the present day. Miss Wheelwright traces the convergent threads of ancient pharmacology from India, China and Chaldea, from Greece and Egypt. Through the Roman and early Christian eras she follows the evolution of herbal medicine to its culmination in the seventeenth century, the period of the English herbals, completing the history with a commentary on the cultivation and marketing of vegetable drugs in the present day.

To appreciate the book at its true worth the reader must be something of a historian, an ethnologist, a botanist, a pharmacologist and a biochemist. More especially the practical field botanist, who during a country walk can identify the unobtrusive wayside plants mentioned, has an advantage over the ordinary reader.

But even the least instructed in science will find pleasure in the morsels of unusual information, collected from a host of ancient and mediaeval writings, with which the author has embellished her pages. For instance, the same plant produces from its different parts the deadly prussic acid and the innocuous tapioca. Borage, now confined to the decoration of a cider cup, was known in John Evelyn's time as "a herb of force and virtue to drive away sorrow." There are many edible fungi besides the ordinary mushroom, and the supposed poisonous puff ball was once used to arrest haemorrhage, and to form the basis of a nerve sedative.

Once embarked on the tale of medical therapeutics the author does not hesitate to overstep the strict bounds of her subject, and records that a favourite cure for toothache was to take a tooth from a corpse rotting on the gallows and insert it into the sufferer's gum.

But, apart from such diversions, the careful reader will deduce that there is more useful healing in plants than we moderns realise. The pendulum of medical treatment swings almost as far, though not as frequently, as that of women's fashions, and it is more than probable that vegetable medicines may soon oust the synthetic and mineral drugs from their present popularity.

Miss Wheelwright has, with remarkable success, compressed into a small compass the whole history of the use of healing plants. A short glossary, a necessity for the average reader, and an adequate index are included. In addition a bibliography would have been an advantage, not only as an epitome of the author's industry in her search for material, but also as a guide for those who will wish to delve further into the garden of herbal knowledge.

Cow all through!

"But Mummy, I thought it was cow all through," said the child seeing carcasses hanging in a butcher's shop, and so "cow all through" became the family expression meaning thoroughly genuine. You may remember this among the entries in Miss Sackville-West's February competition.

The Goss brothers have not been fortunate enough to see every country in the world, nor have they more than a nodding acquaintance with any other trade but their own. Nevertheless they are ready to believe, and they think that no reader of this journal will disagree, that what has given a special significance to the words "Made in England" is the expectation that such goods will be, both in materials and workmanship, thoroughly genuine, shall we say, "cow all through."

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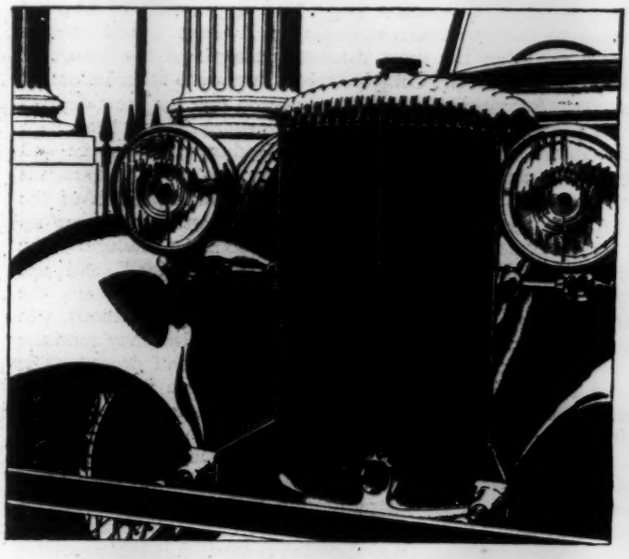

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MARX UP TO DATE

The Decline of American Capitalism. By LEWIS COREY. *Lane.* 15*s.*

Here we have the fullest and ablest application of Marxist doctrine to the economic situation in America. And though America furnishes the most dramatic example of the failure of capitalism, most of Mr. Corey's analysis applies to other industrial countries. Accepting the general admission that the great depression is primarily due to a failure of consumption to keep pace with modern forms of production in industry, commerce and finance, he directs his reasoning, supported by an abundant appeal to statistics, to showing that the reform policies of the N.R.A. and the New Deal are in essence an attempt to prop up the falling edifice of capitalism and are doomed to failure. The reason why his title contains the term "decline" and not "collapse," is that he conceives the possibility, perhaps the likelihood, that America may, partly by New Deal methods, win a partial and temporary recovery in which capitalism may continue to work, but on a lower level of productivity and profit. The central feature in his argument is the elaborate vindication of Marxist doctrines. Surplus value, proletarianism, the "law" of increasing misery, economic determination of history, all find an insistent application. Though Mr. Corey sometimes recognises that structural changes have taken place in capitalism since Marx wrote, especially in class stratification and financial dominance, he does not admit that they weaken in any degree the absoluteness of the Marxist analysis. A proletarian revolution is still necessary in order to establish socialism, for the methods of high wages and short hours, social services financed by high taxation and other ameliorative processes, are, from his standpoint, parts of a concessive policy designed to prevent capitalism from collapse or revolutionary downfall. The core of his argument is that capitalism, under State protection, is forced to limitation of production and of employment. Every attempt to expand national output (under modern technical conditions) signifies an "imperialist" struggle for world markets with other capitalist nations. The economic conflicts of tariffs, quotas, exchanges, "closed empires," can only lead to war, as each nation struggles against the limitations of home markets which its profiteering policy involves. Mr. Corey in a long first chapter on "The American Revolution," gives a most interesting account of the immediate factors making for the overthrow of capitalism. But he admits that there is a difficulty in securing the correct Marxist "ideology" in the "American mind." Our Communists find the same difficulty here, in "putting over" the elaborate economic rationalism of a typically German thinker, so as to make it effective for mass action here. Americans, like Britons, prefer to do their own thinking in their own way, and as little of it as possible.

J. A. HOBSON

DE MORTUIS

The Body in the Turl. By DAVID FROME. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Cornish Coast Murder. By JOHN BUDE. *Skeffington.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Eleventh Hour. By J. S. FLETCHER. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Half a Corpse. By R. MILLAR. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Poison in the Parish. By MILWARD KENNEDY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Fortune Objects. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Scandal of Father Brown. By G. K. CHESTERTON. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Best Murder Stories. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Once again the cry goes up that detective stories are at the end of their tether. Father Ronald Knox, who has ample qualifications to support his opinion, declares that the permutations and combinations possible with such limited material have been exhausted. Much the same view was taken of chess some years ago by Capablanca, who took the trouble to invent an improvement on that game with a larger board and more numerous pawns and pieces. But chess has survived the death sentence passed on it by the world champion, and only the other day there he was at Moscow still playing the old game; in fact, some of the younger generation managed to trot out some combinations of that stale material which we can only presume he had forgotten, as they certainly gave him a surprise. No; sentence of boredom, however authoritatively pronounced, is never effective unless enforced by public opinion. Only when the public are convinced that there *can* be no element of novelty in a new detective story will they refuse to open one and the publishers will cease from publishing and the writers from writing. That there *may* be none we know to be as likely as that in our next game of chess we shall be guilty of an elementary blunder, but we shall always hope for something brilliant as long as we believe brilliance attainable. There need be no heart-searching for Father Knox and other such eminent detective writers, if only publishers would raise their standard and only give us *De mortuis nil nisi optimum.* It is merely the plethora of the second and third rate that threatens indigestion.

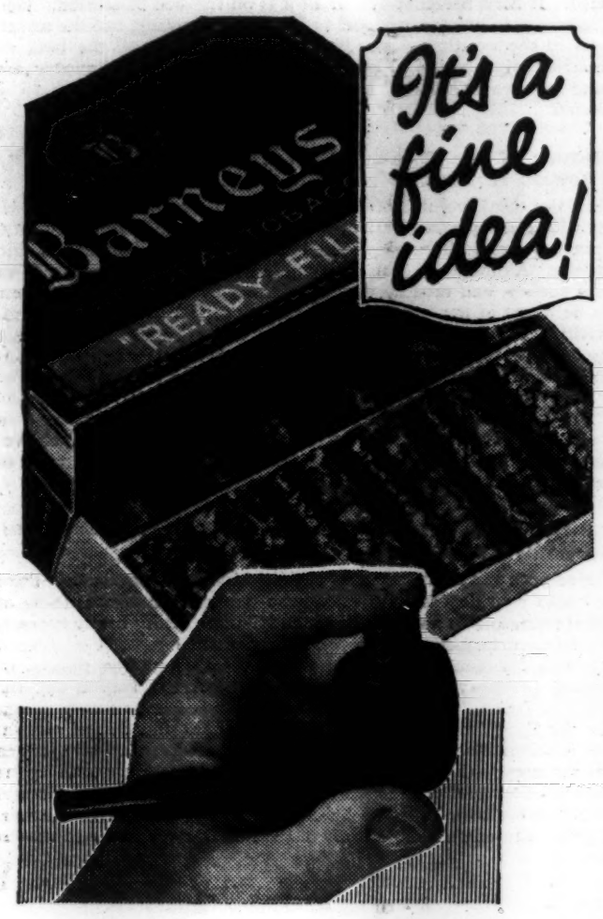
Mr. David Frome is one of our rising performers who could be trusted to give a game to any *blasé* Capablanca of a critic. It is true that at the start of his career he was a little careless of the rules—by keeping a piece up his sleeve for the end-game—but *The Body in the Turl* is completely orthodox. The motive is unsound, but there are plenty of indications throughout the book to prepare one for that; and I, for one, am not too punctilious to stretch a point, provided I am forewarned about which point is to be stretched. Mr. Frome takes pains to get his characters distinct, vivid and detached from himself. He is not an author to be trusted with a charming pretty girl; as likely as not she may turn out a killer. There are no predetermined innocents in his books, but plenty of eligible murderers. Mr. Pinkerton's latest exploit is a visit to Oxford, where he has the good fortune to pass down the Turl just about the time that a millionaire is shot dead there. Inspector Bull, after rescuing Mr. Pinkerton from the clutches of the local police, plunges into the complicated inter-relationships of dons, undergraduates, college porters and Oxford tradesmen. The going is extremely good, over this difficult line of country (barring the inevitable fall at the "Varsity men" fence by the tutor of St. Jude's College), but a plan of the centre of Oxford might usefully have been included for readers unfamiliar with the territory.

The pace of *The Cornish Coast Murder* is such a jog-trot compared to Mr. Frome's admirable gallop, that we begin to doubt whether the hounds, personified by Inspector Bigswell and "The Rev. Dodd," will ever catch up with their fox. A Cornish squire is shot dead in the study of his house on the cliffs during a thunderstorm at night. His delightful niece and her admirer, an impoverished novelist in lodgings in the village, are far too much in love with each other to justify Bigswell's suspicions. So it is left to the "intuition" of the Rev. Dodd to find a scapegoat for the author. I do not care for intuitive detection; and, incidentally, the solution involves an outrage to the laws of ballistics that no amount of intuition will explain. Nevertheless Mr. Bude is not to be despised for his first quiet effort in detective fiction, but he must realise that speed and variety are essential in this area of cut-throat competition.

The late Mr. J. S. Fletcher was a novelist who took up detective writing, and the novelist predominates. *The Eleventh Hour* (being the elucidation of the death of an old verger in Linchester Cathedral within a few hours of his discovering a mediaeval treasure hidden in a bishop's crozier) makes use of detective material to develop the complexities of character, with the natural consequence that the characters benefit at the expense of the plot, and the solution of the mystery becomes an admirable synchological revelation and a most unsatisfactory explanation of the facts from a detective point of view.

Half a Corpse is taken from *Mon Premier Crime,* by Gustave Macé, and must be placed in the *solvitur ambulando* class. First, the body has to be collected from the different quarters of Paris where it was discarded by the criminal—a slow business. Then it has to be identified equally slowly. Finally, by dint of dogged persistence, the murderer is laid by the heels. There are no characters, no style and no frolics, just the steady trudge of Inspector Macé.

Mr. Milward Kennedy calls his *Poison in the Parish* a detective story, but evidently changed his mind at the last minute and turned the epilogue into the prologue, thereby switching the story from *The Man in the Brown Suit* to the *Malice Aforethought* category. Reviewers in other journals have drawn attention to this give-away of the solution on the first page and then hesitated to give away the plot themselves. Probably they felt uncertain whether the acumen of their readers would be as dependable as their own. I cannot believe that any reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would be hoodwinked for an instant by Mr. Kennedy's ingenuous prologue. The story is a murderer's own record of his thoughts and actions during the period that another



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person is being arrested and tried for his crime. It must be a great strain on detective authors to be obliged to baffle their readers year in, year out, because once they drop the red herrings and the blind alleys they write in such light-hearted vein. *Poison in the Parish* is extremely well-written and amusing; and it may be as much of a relief to a reader as to an author not to have to pit one's wits for once against a cunning opponent.

The last three books in this list are collections of short stories. Father Brown is no stranger, nor is Mr. Fortune, and both are at their best over a short distance. If we must have a paradox or a whimsicality in every chapter, let us at least have a change of situation each time. Of the two books, I prefer Mr. Fortune's objections, but I shall eternally object to Mr. Fortune. *Best Murder Stories* is just the book one hopes to find in one's bedroom at a week-end. Among its twenty-two magazine stories spread over 491 bloodstained pages, you would be unlucky if you could not find at least one to send you to sleep. RALPH PARTRIDGE

ADVERTISING

Advertising Reconsidered. By A. S. J. BASTER. *King.* 5s.

Mr. Baster, whilst admitting the progress made in the technique of advertising in recent years, successfully debunks some of its worst excesses. His own practical experience seems to have been gained largely, if not entirely, in the United States, hence his little book is rather heavily loaded with American examples. Nevertheless, since British advertising has shown itself ready, if not eager, to copy methods and ideas which have proved successful in the States, Mr. Baster's conclusions are in many cases applicable here. The author is now a lecturer in Economics in one of our universities and for some years he has been comparing British with American advertising practice. He has gone to great pains to collect his material and writes in a lively manner.

Discussing broadcast advertising in the States he says that "adept as the American advertising man is at making people buy and consume things they thought they did not want, he recoils in alarm from the task of persuading them to like education, which thus continues to bear the stigma of a non-paying proposition, and remains the Cinderella of the broadcasting programmes."

The author quotes Sir Chartres Biron's remark that his idea of Heaven is "a place where all the advertisements come true." Mr. Baster has a great deal to say about "truth in advertising," and what he says will gain sympathy if not agreement among members of the profession here, whether they believe that in advertising truth is right because it pays or pays because it is right. Advertising, the world over, is directed at the weak points in the consumer's armour, and the further advertising recedes from the truth the nearer is complete disarmament of the consumer.

The road to reform in advertising is through a better understanding by the consumer of its process and of its effects upon him. Therein lies the justification for this little book, which we as heartily recommend to the lay public as to those members of the profession who sincerely believe in better advertising.

SHORTER NOTICES

Young England. By WALTER REYNOLDS. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Here is the "authentic text" of the boy-scout play (now running at the Kingsway again) which has unfortunately become too popular to be heard by the audience. Anyone who thinks now of paying a first visit to *Young England* would do well to read the play before going. The text is illustrated with photographs taken on the stage; there is also a portrait of the author; one only misses the audience. It is a pity that Mr. Gollancz did not get someone who had followed the play from the beginning to give an account of its run. On the back of the cover there is the good news that he will publish Mr. Walter Reynold's next play *Innocence*, which has as its theme the evils of not giving sex instruction to young women.

Careers and Openings for Women: A Survey of Women's Employment and a Guide for those Seeking Work. By RAY STRACHEY. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

This is a severely practical, matter of fact, and well-documented guide to women's employment, from work in factories and domestic service, to the practice of law and medicine. Of all the careers open to women, Mrs. Strachey has much to say that is useful and even needful for the aspirant to know. She has also wise things to say of the matter of choice and the importance of making a right start. The education and training required for the various posts and occupations described are dealt with very thoroughly, and the rewards that may be expected adequately outlined. If Mrs. Strachey errs at all it is on the side of caution. Her first reference to art, for instance, as a career is slighting, but she makes amends in the excellent appendix, in which the gist of the book is summarised alphabetically, by pointing out that a preliminary art training is always valuable and often necessary when taking up a handicraft.

A History of the Roman World from 753 to 146 B.C. By HOWARD H. SCULLARD. *Methuen.* 15s.

This, the third, volume of Methuen's *History of the Roman World*, opens with the legendary period, which Mr. Scullard examines warily, but not too sceptically, and closes with the beginnings of the Asiatic conquests. Although he deals thoroughly with the shifting structure of Roman society, and broadly with its culture, he is perhaps at his best when he writes of the wars. His "battle pieces," whether sea or land, are vivid and exciting in narrative and masterly in exposition. Though he eschews the brilliant generalisations in which the French historians of the period indulge, he does realise how largely the growth of the City State that became a world empire was accidental, owing to the fact that time after time the only practicable defence was attack and the only way of holding a frontier was to advance it. It is Dr. Scullard's achievement that holding firmly to his authorities he has invested the story of Rome through the centuries with the character of its people.

Egypt. By LIEUT.-COL. P. G. ELGOOD, C.M.G. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.
Turkey. By T. L. JARMAN. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the "Modern States Series," these little books provide the busy man, who needs to know something of political conditions in post-war Egypt and Turkey, with a handy synopsis of their recent history and a concise story of their past. Col. Elgood starts with Pharaonic Egypt, but he rushes through the periods of greatness, the story proper opening with the Arab invasion and the triumph of Islam. Col. Elgood, who has occupied important positions under the Egyptian Government, gives a spirited and critical account of our relations with Egypt from the occupation onwards. Mr. Jarman opens his story with the advent of the Turk in Asia Minor, and having given a brief account of the great days of the Ottoman Empire, devotes the bulk of his book to its decline, and final collapse during the war, and closes with an admirable study of the new Turkey under Mustapha Kemal.

Essays in Musical Analysis. By DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY. *Oxford University Press.* 2 vols. 10s. 6d. each.

Professor Sir Donald Tovey is one of the most erudite and able of British musicians and a remarkable personality. Although he is a gifted pianist and composer, he is nevertheless best known by his critical writings, of which the present two volumes are a worthy representation. He would probably have been one of the greatest critics of music that have ever lived if his sense of proportion had been equal to his knowledge and his brilliance, but his writings have the radical defect that in them we can rarely distinguish the essential from the inessential, or the wood from the trees. A striking example in the present book is the essay on César Franck's Symphony, which he calls "a great model of clarity and breadth," explaining away its defects by a most ingenious display of technical argument, so that one has the impression that Professor Tovey could make out as good a case on paper for the worst of symphonies as for the best. It is also characteristic of his freakishness that although he deals in these two volumes with symphonies by Bruckner, Tchaikovsky, Elgar, no less than four by Dvorák and even one by Julius Rontgen, he has nothing to say of a single one of Berlioz's symphonies, where his formal analysis might have been especially interesting.

The Letters and Writings of George Frederic Handel. Edited by E. H. MÜLLER. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

That there are not more letters in this rather expensive little volume is probably due to Handel's activity in composition, though the clumsiness of his German, the badness of his French and the indifference of his English may have been a hindrance to him. It cannot be said that the character of the man is very observable in his letters. One sees from the letter to Mattheson of February 24th, 1719, that he had the good sense to oppose the pedantry and unnecessary complication in the teaching of music then creeping in, yet he was no antiquary and denied that a study of the Greek modes had any value for contemporary music. A rather massive courtesy is displayed in his letter of December 29th, 1741, to Jennens, the librettist of *Saul*, *Messiah* and other works, upon the first performance of *Messiah*. "I opened with the Allegro, Penseroso and Moderato, and I assure you that the words of the Moderato are vastly admired." The admired words were by Charles Jennens, the others by John Milton. Organists will find interest in another letter to Jennens in which he gives a specification for an organ: "Whole stops and none in halves." His benevolence is seen from his continual care for the Foundlings' Institute, to which he left a score of the *Messiah*, though he did not consider this to be discordant with his possession of shares in the slave-trading South Sea Company. Scholarly and very useful footnotes are provided by Dr. Müller; an appendix contains translations of letters in French and German.

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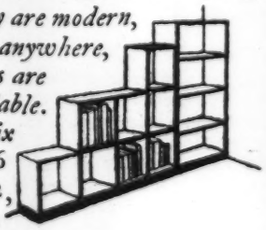

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BOOKS

Week-end Competitions

No. 264

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the Best Sonnet from a Modern Politician to his Lass proposing a Pact of Bilateral Affection.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 12th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 262

Set by V. S. Pritchett

I have often thought that the "This England" principle might be applied to novels as well as to newspapers. There ought to be suitable short passages in the works of, say, Meredith, Sir James Barrie, Hall Caine, Mrs. Henry Wood, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, Gissing, Kipling, Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Charles Kingsley and Bulwer Lytton. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for one quotation from any four of these writers.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

The entries to this competition have been few and disappointing. Are the late Victorian novelists sacred? Or are they regarded as This England *en masse*? Or have competitors sold all their copies? Perhaps the readers of this paper are not afflicted by the frightful spleen which fills me on Sunday afternoons and reaches its climax when the dreary church bells ring? At that time the only possible task had seemed to me to be the vicious blue pencilling of the great. But no. Among competitors boredom had reached depths which even this competition could not plumb! The worrying thing about the entries was the uncertainty of touch. Nearly every competitor managed some passable This Englands, but they also managed some which were not This Englands at all. There was fundamental error. This England is, in the main, a pillory for public absurdity. Its Houstonisms are unconscious. Yet the snob irony of Meredith was presented as snobbery without the irony; Dickens was chosen for passages most closely protected by his humour and Arnold Bennett's understatement was unrecognised. I may be wrong. We may have suddenly entered upon a period of belief and dogma once more in which irony itself has become ridiculous! What really happened, I think, was that readers lapsed into marking the things which jarred on them—which is quite another test.

To This England the novel is a surgical task which requires something more delicate than the penknife gash one makes in a daily newspaper. The unfair quotation is discounted in advance. This from George Moore is surely not a Houstonism:

> It is more polite to call a shop an establishment than to call it merely a shop.

Moore under full sail, as caught by Miss Joan Jukes, is nearer the right thing:

> . . . the red and white roses of the Aubusson carpet are spread enigmatically about her feline feet; a grand piano leans its melodious mouth to her; and there she sits when her visitors have left her, playing Beethoven sonatas in the dreamy firelight. . . . The young man imagines himself sitting by her, holding her hand, calling on her name; sometimes she moves away and plays the moonlight sonata. Letting her hands droop on the keys, she talks sadly of the tedium of life, of its disenchantment. . . .

But is Miss Jukes really sure that the claws of the Moore are not faintly protruding? Miss Mary Lavie catches Arnold Bennett neatly in:

> A man interested in a strange woman acquires one equine attribute—he can look in two directions at once.

But I don't think Mr. Allan Laing, that almost legendary competitor, brings it off in *his* Arnold Bennett:

> It is not easy, whatever may be said to the contrary, to reconcile the exigencies of the modern solicitor's profession with the exigencies of active Wesleyan Methodism.

Now for the plums:

Charles Kingsley: And yet, after a few moments, I ceased to wonder either at the Cambridge passion for boat-racing, or at the excitement of the spectators. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* It was a noble sport—a sight such as could only be seen in England—some hundreds of young men, who might, if they had chosen, have been lounging effeminately about the streets, subjecting themselves voluntarily to that intense exertion, for the mere pleasure of toil. (*Alton Locke*, Chap. 12.)

George Gissing: . . . he ate with slow decorum, though his handling of the spoon obeyed nature rather than the higher law. (*Human Odds and Ends*—An Inspiration.)

Mrs. Henry Wood: But that man must live, the thought that *money* shall be one of the returns [of literary genius] would be unendurable; never accepted, I honestly believe, without a blush: the dross of earth mingling with the spiritualized, exalted joy of Eden. (*Roland Yorke*, Chap. V.)

George Meredith: Her girl's crown of irradiated Alps began to tremble over her dimly, as from moment to moment their intimacy warmed, and Beauchamp saw the young face vanishing out of this flower of womanhood. (*Beauchamp's Career*, Chap. XXIV.)

Charles Kingsley: "Give way, men," cried Amyas; and as he spoke the paddles dashed into the water, to a right English hurrah! which sent the birds fluttering from their roosts, and was answered by the yell of a hundred monkeys, and the distant roar of the jaguar. (*Westward Ho!*)

But this standard was not maintained and I cannot recommend anyone for the prizes.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 119.—EIGHT CUBES

"Take eight of these little cubes each," said Miss Surd to the girls in her class.

"Then fit them together so that they form one larger cube.

"Now take your pencils and in each corner of one face of the larger cube write the number 1. Then, similarly, write the number 2 in each corner of any other face. Proceed with the numbers 3, 4, 5 and 6—so that each face of the larger cube will have one of the six numbers written in each of its corners.

"In other words, when you take the larger cube to pieces again you will have eight little cubes with three numbered and three un-numbered faces.

"The sum of the numbers on the three faces of a smaller cube may be described as its Sum."

The girls did as they were told.

"Let me see your cubes," said Miss Surd. "Ha! A funny thing, this. No two of you numbered her larger cube on precisely the same plan. You know, the odds against that"—she made a rapid calculation—"were roughly two to one. And now, who has a cube with a Sum of Seven?"

All the girls except Sonia held up their hands.

"And a cube with a Sum of six?"

Three girls held their hands up. "And it's a funny thing," said Sonia, "no two cubes of mine have the same Sum."

What were the respective Sums of Sonia's eight cubes?

PROBLEM 117.—TRIANGULAR TEST

This problem has produced (as usual with such exercises) a very wide range of solutions—including several where the respective probabilities given total more than unity! The most-favoured solution is an incorrect one.

The correct solution is that (1) Carlos must first fire at Juan, while (2) if Carlos misses Juan, *Miguel must aim to miss.* (It can reasonably be assumed that Miguel can make sure of doing this.) Juan will then kill Carlos. If Carlos misses Juan, and Miguel then fires at Juan and kills him, his chances of survival are inferior.

I will not set out the arithmetic in detail, as this is elementary, but, on the assumptions given, the respective chances of survival are:

Carlos	2 *in* 9
Miguel	5 *in* 9
Juan	1 *in* 6
Carlos and Miguel eaten by ants ..	1 *in* 18

PROBLEM 116.—THE CANINE LEAGUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: T. Naisby, 405 Audley Range, Blackburn, Lancs.

Four points are awarded.

PROBLEM 114.—THE NEUROTIC

Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper. Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., S.
APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. Variety. Sat.
DUCHESS. Cornelius. Wed. & Sat.
GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thur.
HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.
PHOENIX. "Family Affairs." Thurs., Sat.
PICCADILLY. There Go All of Us. Th., S.
PRINCES. The Alchemist. Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Th., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.
SAVOY. The Aunt of England. Th. & Sat.
WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., & Mon., April 22nd, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., & Easter Mon., 2.30.
RALPH RICHARDSON in
CORNELIUS, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., at 2.30.
OWEN NARES,
ADELE DIXON, KAY HAMMOND in
YOUTH AT THE HELM.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
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Vera Pearce. Wylie Watson. Bertha Belmore.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
"FAMILY AFFAIRS."

PICCADILLY. Gerrard 4506.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THUR. & SAT., 2.30.
"THERE GO ALL OF US."
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PRINCES, Shaftesbury Ave. Tem. Bar 3633.
EVENINGS at 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
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Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
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LIVERPOOL Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
The Flowers of the Forest.
By John Van Druten.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
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Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
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BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
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The position is designated under the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to take up his duties as soon as possible.
Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, stating candidates age, education, experience and particulars of professional certificates held, must be made in candidates own handwriting endorsed "SENIOR MALE ASSISTANT" and sent to the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Twickenham, Middlesex, not later than 20th April, 1935, Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will disqualify.
Municipal Offices, EDWIN G. STRAY,
York House, Town Clerk.
Twickenham.
2nd April, 1935.

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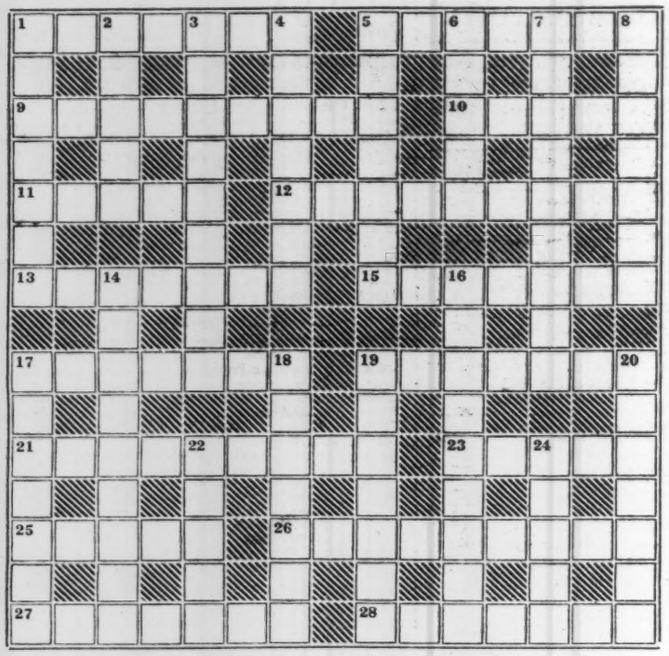
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 265

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

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W. R. Thomas, Rossend Castle, Burntisland, Fife

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12. Cry down the fruit.
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17. Rash result of a bad catch.
19. You can square him in New York.
21. Amphibians that an ox treads underfoot?
23. Range for a palm.
25. Presses.
26. Omnibus conductor's injunction that ensures a dry cargo.
27. This means stretching not a point but a syllable.
28. These beds are not for children to sleep in.

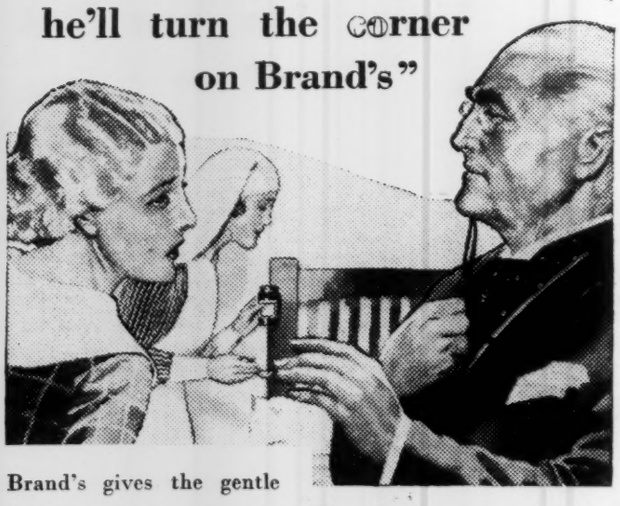
DOWN

1. They went behind Victorian ladies.
2. Great Britain and Northern Ireland with the sea in a turmoil.
3. This officer seems to be required when the parrot escapes.
4. Cider spilt at the top of a back street.
5. Caliban thought Prospero's art powerful enough to make Setebos one of these.
6. The beast is if you call a man in.
7. The crowd brought to a standstill in a journalistic way.
8. Meant to be upset in a ship.
14. Illuminating result of wearing one of 16's goods.
16. He had a bee in his bowler, perhaps.
17. Rowdy party government as it were.
18. He's covered with soot.
19. Mixed grain.
20. When Scheherazade spun yarn.
22. They go for safety.
24. Does not hawk at flies.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	R	E	Y	H	O	U	N	D	R	A	C	I	N	G
R	■	R	■	O	■	V	■	I	■	C	■	N	■	U
A	E	R	O	N	A	U	T	S	■	C	A	S	T	E
N	■	E	■	O	■	L	■	P	■	I	■	U	■	R
U	N	D	E	R	C	A	L	L	■	D	E	L	H	I
L	■	■	■	C	■	■	A	C	E	■	A	■	L	■
A	M	B	S	A	C	E	■	Y	■	N	A	T	A	L
T	■	O	■	T	■	■	■	■	C	■	O	■	A	■
E	N	O	C	H	■	D	■	E	Y	E	B	R	O	W
D	■	M	■	E	L	I	■	■	O	■	■	■	■	A
S	K	E	I	N	■	S	C	R	U	T	A	T	O	R
U	■	R	A	■	D	■	O	■	H	■	H	■	F	■
G	R	A	V	E	■	A	N	D	R	O	M	E	D	A
A	■	N	■	U	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	R
R	E	G	I	M	E	N	T	O	F	H	O	R	S	E

"Don't worry . . . he'll turn the corner on Brand's"



Brand's gives the gentle stimulu necessary to start up the natural powers of recovery. It is heartening to see the revival of interest, the response of an exhausted patient to the coaxing effects of Brand's Essence.

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BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE
Brand's revives strength
From chemists everywhere

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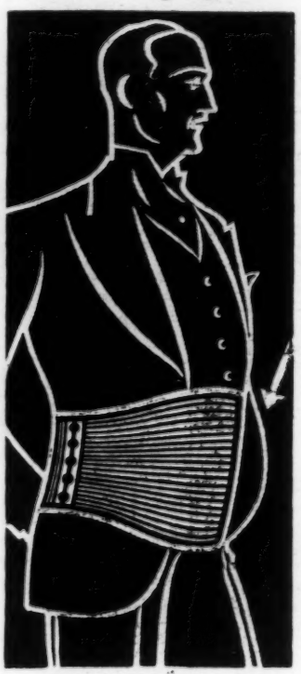

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L 44

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, April 7, at 11 a.m.: GERALD HEARD: "NEO-QUAKERISM." 6.30 p.m., Concert of Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE GUILDHOUSE, ECCLESTON SQUARE, S.W.1.
"THE INTERDEPENDENT WORLD."
"RELIGION."
SUNDAY, April 7th, at 3.30 p.m., Miss EVE EDWARDS, M.A., D.Litt.: "CONFUCIUS AND LAO TZU."
And at 6.30, DR. A. MAUDE ROYDEN: "AN IRRITABLE CONSCIENCE."
No Tickets are required, but a Collection will be taken.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, Sunday, April 7, at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: THE MAN WITHIN. 6.30. DR. C. W. SALEEBY: IS LIBERTY WORTH SAVING?

AT 7, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Sunday, April 7th, at 8 p.m., Mr. BONAR THOMPSON will give a DRAMATIC RECITAL. Tuesday, April 9th, at 8 p.m., Mr. ANDREW MACLAREN: "THE HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THEORY" (including Adam Smith, Marx, Walras and Bakunin). Free. Discussion.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. 255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5. provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings, ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT. *Prospectus on application.* Frobisher 3642.

DAVIES'S, 5 & 7, Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3215/6. I.C.S., Taxes, Home Civil, Consular, F.O. VACATION COURSE in the Compulsory Subjects April 8th—17th inclusive.

DAVIES'S, 5 & 7, Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3215/6. TAX INSPECTOR GROUP NEXT TERM BEGINS Wednesday, April 17th.

DAVIES'S, 5 & 7 Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3215/6. F.O., Consular, Home Civil, I.C.S. NEXT TERM BEGINS Wednesday, April 24th.

LUCRATIVE POSTS ASSURED AT THE MAYFAIR SECRETARIAL COLLEGE FOR GENTLEWOMEN. Foreign languages, Political and Journalistic courses are special features. Individual Tuition. 25 BUCKINGHAM GATE. VICTORIA 4495.

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THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS.
The University will shortly proceed to award TWO UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE TRAVELLING STUDENTSHIPS each of the value of £275 for one year, and SEVEN POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS of the value of £150. The Studentships are open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University. Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Principal, University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7. (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 1st May, 1935.
February, 1935.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARY

DURHAM SCHOOL.—THE EXAMINATION FOR KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS ranging in annual value from £20 to £70 will begin at 9 a.m. on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th. Candidates must be under 14 on March 1st, 1935. For further particulars apply to Rev. H. K. LUCE, M.A., B.D., Headmaster, School House, Durham.

BURSARY, value 60 guineas (reducing fees to 90 guineas). offered to intelligent boy aged 6 to 11 years in modern preparatory school Kent. Box 716, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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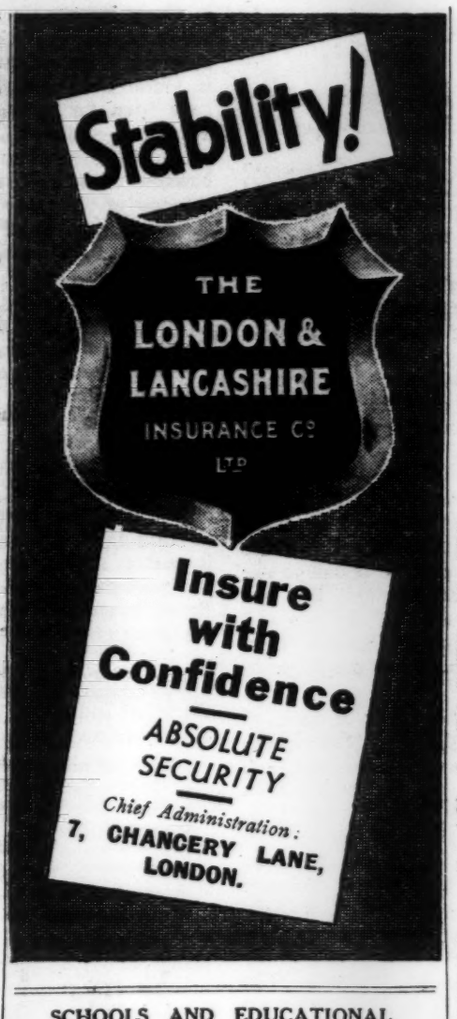

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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Friends' School, Great Ayton, Yorks	140 : 10-17 :	£81
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Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex (Junior)	28 : 7-10 :	£99
Sidcot School, Winscombe, Somerset	150 : 10-18 :	£123
Friends' School, Wigton, Cumb. ...	90 : 7-17 :	£81

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

BELGIUM STEALS A MARCH—STABILISATION TALK—THE GILT-EDGED PROSPECT—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY—I.C.I.—UNION CORPORATION

BELGIUM, on the whole, has been clever. She has decided to attach herself neither to the sterling standard nor to the gold standard. She pays lip service to "the principles" of the gold system—just to please France and leave the way open for French financial help—and yet avoids the unpleasant part of the gold system (gold losses and credit contracting) by making her currency inconvertible. Moreover, she devalues the belga (28 per cent.) by more than is required on the showing of comparative internal costs, so that she gains an exchange advantage in foreign markets, not only over France and Holland but probably over Great Britain. The new exchange rate is to be pegged for the time, but there is nothing to prevent a further alteration later on. Thus, the competitive game of currency depreciation is in full swing. If Great Britain and other countries, threatened by Belgian competition in their home markets, decide to increase tariffs against Belgian goods, the last state of international trade will be much worse than the attenuated state to-day. The recent increase in our iron and steel duties (from 33⅓ per cent. to about 50 per cent.) was not necessarily directed against Belgium, but our Government can hardly fail to increase the duties on iron and steel, bricks, cement and glass if Belgian imports increase. Mr. MacDonald's mandate was to save the pound, not the belga.

* * *

The prospects of international trade in this epoch of currency depreciation and tariffs are so gloomy that Professor Robbins has been moved to make a powerful appeal for stabilisation in *Lloyds Bank Review*. This has finally convinced me that stabilisation on gold would be fatal. Professor Robbins does not want "an immediate *de jure* restoration of the gold standard," but suggests that we peg the pound in agreement with the French and American authorities and be prepared "to defend the rate of exchange chosen, if necessary by bank rate and by open market policy," treating fluctuations in the resources of the Exchange Equalisation Fund as fluctuations in the gold reserve in a centre finally stabilised on gold. This policy seems to me madness. The whole edifice of our domestic trade recovery has been built up on cheap money and building. Make money more expensive and the building boom collapses. And Professor Robbins seems to forget that the international gold standard has in the past been the breeder of tariffs. If a country in the gold system finds that its internal costs and prices are relatively high, its first thought, before deflating, is to increase its tariffs to prevent an excess of imports. Certainly, stabilisation to-day would give an immediate fillip to international trade, but if the gold standard is reintroduced, another world crisis becomes inevitable in the course of years. I am grateful to Professor Robbins for opening my eyes to the right policy—not stabilisation on gold but stabilisation on the paper pound.

* * *

The sharp fall in the bank clearings for March in the eleven provincial centres suggests that the damnable hesitation, hoarding, go-slow and destocking process, which is associated with periods of political uncertainty, has actually begun. If trade now declines for a period, idle money will begin to pile up at the joint stock banks. It will be interesting to see what the banks do—increase their cash ratios or add to their gilt-edged investments. Of course, they should add to their gilt-edged holdings, for open market operations of this sort will tend to offset the deflation. If the Government market recovers as a result of bank buying, the man-in-the-street should regard it as a heaven-sent opportunity to reduce his gilt-edged holdings, that is, to get out on the broad back of the banks. The *natural* fall in the long-term rate of interest has, I believe, reached its limit, for the investor has at last realised that political risks are increasing. Nevertheless, the unnatural fall may be prolonged, and if a conversion operation is announced by Mr. Chamberlain in his Budget speech, it may possibly bring about a secondary "peak" in the gilt-edged market.

* * *

All good citizens, particularly investing citizens, should take a special interest in the annual reports of our Public Boards. The seventh report of the Central Electricity Board is another fine advertisement for socialisation. Compared with the previous year in each case, the annual increases in the output of electricity in Great Britain since 1929 have been as follows:—6 per cent., 4.6 per cent., 7.3 per cent., 10.7 per cent., and 14 per cent. Since 1929 world output has expanded by about 10 per cent., whereas in Great Britain the increase has been 50 per cent. It would have been far greater if the provincial distributing companies had been socialised and their charges reduced. The Central Electricity Board has framed its financial programme on the basis of an estimated annual growth in consumption which by the end of ten years should bring its gross revenues to a level sufficient to cover all operating costs, overhead expenditures and interest and sinking fund charges on its debt. Happily, the actual rate of increase in consumption has so far been in excess of the estimated rate. Last year the Board's sale of energy realised £18.1 millions. After deducting the purchase price of energy (£17½ millions), transmission expenses and general overheads, the net balance was only £86,000. The Board's issued debt is approximately £49½ millions. Of this £14,000,000 represents expenditure on standardisation of frequency, the interest on which is recoverable from the supply companies. Interest on the balance of the debt, chargeable against capital expenditure, amounted last year to approximately £1,400,000. I have no doubt that the board will be able to meet its interest and Sinking Fund charges at the end of the Ten Year period—if it cannot, it will just have to borrow for a further period for the purposes of working capital—but it is unfortunate that the Board is saddled with such an expensive debt, the service of which costs no less than 8% per annum.

* * *

Regarding the offer to the deferred shareholders of Imperial Chemical Industries, to exchange into ordinary shares at the rate of one ordinary for four deferred, a correspondent writes:

> I am not much interested in the wealthy surtax payer, but I venture to suggest that even he might be treated with some fairness. He has forgone present dividends on his deferred shares—except for a miserable 1 per cent. or 2 per cent.—in the hope that some day he will receive a substantial return on his investment. Now, when there may be such a chance, he is calmly asked to exchange four deferred shares for one ordinary; four deferred shares have always been worth more than one ordinary share.

I pointed out last week that the deferred shareholders were being offered an immediate increase in income of 100 per cent., but that if the surplus profits doubled later on their potential income would be halved. This will be seen from the following table:

	Profit after Taxation and Pref. Divs.	7% Preferential Ordinary Div.	Surplus.	Total Amount on Ordinary	Earned† on Defd.	* Equivalent Earnings on £100 Deferred Capital if Exchanged for Ordinary Shares.
	£	£	£	%	%	
1934	5,760,210	3,062,967	2,697,243	12.01 or 12.09*	10.08	6.45
If increased by 50%.	7,108,832	3,062,967	4,045,865	14.52 or 16.3*	15.12	8.15
If increased by 100%.	8,457,453	3,062,967	5,394,486	17.03 or 19.6*	20.16	9.80

† After adding back tax on undisturbed profits.
* If ordinary capital is increased by the issue of shares in exchange for deferred shares.

Of course, the directors may tell the deferred shareholders that there is not the slightest chance of the surplus profits being doubled. They may even go so far as to say that they do not intend ever to increase the dividend on the deferred shares. Nevertheless, I hear that some stalwart deferred shareholders intend to refuse the offer of ordinary shares, and to fight to the death to preserve their existing holding. It is not forgotten that I.C.I. have a great and profitable part to play in the general rearming of the world.

* * *

An innocent little remark in the 1934 report of Union Corporation, whose shares I have consistently recommended, is worth repeating. Following on the statement that "holdings of shares and other securities have been taken into the accounts at cost or under" it is added that "the directors have considered it desirable to appropriate certain exceptional profits earned during the year to provide for contingencies by reducing the book costs of some of the holdings both below cost and below market price." Does this refer to the paper profit of about £1½ millions which the Company made in the flotation of Van Dyk Consolidated Mines? (See THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of September 1, 1934.) At present market prices the Company's holdings of shares and other securities must show an enormous surplus over the balance sheet figures. Sooner or later the directors will be forced to distribute a capital bonus to shareholders. The year's dividends have been increased from 6*s.* to 8*s.* per share, and at 7⅞ the 12*s.* 6*d.* shares return a dividend yield of £5 9*s.* 0*d.* per cent. (allowing for Dominion income tax relief).

Company Meeting

VICKERS LIMITED

The Annual General Meeting was held in London on Tuesday last. General the Hon. Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, G.C.B., Chairman, presiding, said (in part): The net profits for the past year are £613,261; your Directors therefore recommend the payment of a dividend of 6 per cent. on the Ordinary Share Capital. The Chairman then dealt with the Balance Sheet and reviewed the position of the Subsidiary undertakings, saying Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. had for the first time since 1930 earned sufficient profits to pay a full year's dividend on the "A" Preference Shares. The trading profits of the English Steel Corporation Ltd., were £435,638. The Metropolitan-Cammell group showed a profit of £42,077. After dealing with Vickers (Aviation) Ltd. and other Subsidiaries he continued:

With regard to the Royal Commission which has been appointed to enquire into the private manufacture of and trade in Armaments, as representatives of your Company may be called upon to give evidence, it is not desirable that I should anticipate the information which they will afford. I would, however, state that your Directors welcome the enquiry as it should provide an opportunity to dispel misconceptions which exist regarding the conduct of Armament firms. At the American enquiry, *ex parte* statements have been allowed, unsupported by evidence, which are totally untrue, and extracts from personal letters have been construed as implying an interpretation for which there is no substance. Whether the Armaments industry should be Government owned or carried on by private enterprise: whether the export of Armaments to countries lacking manufacturing facilities of their own should be permitted: whether investment in foreign Armament firms by British nationals should be allowed, are questions for the determination of the Government, but until some different policy is adopted, it is unfair for attacks on Armament firms to be made by irresponsible persons.

To suggest because your Company is engaged on the production of the means of Defence and of the equipment required by the Navy, Army and Air Force, that its Directors desire to foster War is as untrue as it is unjust. Both the Directors and Shareholders know to their cost the sorrow and suffering which War entails: the waste of human life and of material: the financial loss which posterity has to bear: and the damage which is done to the economic structure of the World.

Although Armaments for the purpose of the national defence of your country constitute a great part of your Company's production, the maintenance of peace is in the best interests both of your Company and the community generally. The report and accounts were adopted.

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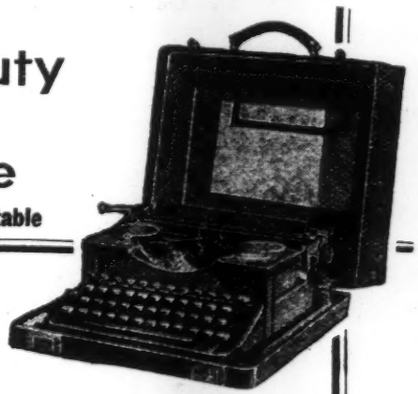

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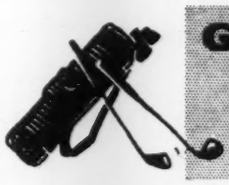

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